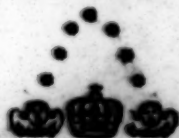


POCKET
BOOK.

DESIGNED AS A CONSTANT
COMPANION *for the* PIOUS
COLLECTED FROM
VARIOUS AUTHORS.
NINTH EDITION.

PSALM CIV. 33.

*I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live: I will sing
praises unto my God whilst I have my being.*



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M.DCC.LXXXIX.



A
P O C K E T
B Y M N B O O K.

AWAKENING *and* INVITING.

HYMN I.

- 1  For a thousand tongues to sing
O My dear Redeemer's praise !
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace !
- 2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of thy name.
- 3 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease :
'Tis music in the sinner's ears ;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the pow'r of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean :
His blood avail'd for me.
- 5 Look unto him, ye nations, own
Your God, ye fallen race ;
Look, and be sav'd through faith alone,
Be justify'd by grace !

A W A K E N I N G

- 6 See all your sins on Jesus laid :
The Lamb of God was slain,
His soul was once an off'ring made
For every soul of man.
- 7 With me, your chief, ye then shall know,
Shall feel your sins forgiv'n ;
Anticipate your heav'n below,
And own that love is heav'n.

H Y M N II.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and pow'r ;
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.
- 2 Ho ! ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify :
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh ;
Without money
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream,
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him ;
This he gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden'd,
Bruis'd and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all ;
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

A N D I N V I T I O N .

- 5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo ! your Master prostrate lies !
On the bloody tree behold him !
Hear him cry before he dies,
" It is finish'd ! "
Sinners, will not this suffice ?
- 6 Lo ! th' incarnate God ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood ;
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no other trust intrude ;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.
- 7 Saints and angels join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name :
Hallelujah !
Sinners here may do the same.

H Y M N III.

- 1 COME, sinners, to the gospel-feast ;
Let every soul be Jesu's guest :
Ye need not one be left behind ;
For God hath bidden all mankind.
- 2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call,
The invitation is to all :
Come all the world : Come, sinner, thou !
All things in Christ are ready now.
- 3 Come all ye souls by sin oppress'd,
Ye restless wand'ers after rest ;
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 4 My message as from God I bring :
Ye all may come to Christ and live !
O let his love your hearts constrain
Ner suffer him to die in vain !

AWAKENING

- 5 His love is mighty to compel :
His conqu'ring love consent to feel ;
Yield to his love's resistless pow'r ;
And fight against your God no more.
- 6 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice !
His offer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be sav'd by grace !
- 7 This is the time : No more delay !
This is the acceptable day :
Come in, this moment, at his call,
And live for him, who dy'd for all !

HYMN IV.

Why will ye die, O house of Israel ! Ezek. xviii. 31.

- 1 **SINNERS**, turn, why will you die ?
God, your Maker, asks you why ?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live ;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands :
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love and die ?
- 2 Sinners, turn, why will you die ?
God, your Saviour, asks you why ?
God, who did your souls retrieve,
Dy'd himself, that you might live.
Will you let him die in vain ?
Crucify your Lord again ?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
Will you slight his grace and die ?
- 3 Sinners, turn, why will you die ?
God, the Spirit, asks you why ?
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Woo'd you to embrace his love :

AND INVITATION.

Will you not the gospel receive?
 Will you still refuse to live?
 Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
 Will you grieve your God and die?

- 4 Dead, already dead within,
 Spiritually dead in sin,
 Dead to God while here you breathe,
 Pant ye after second death?
 Will you still in sin remain,
 Greedy of eternal pain?
 O ye dying sinners, why,
 Why will you for ever die?

H Y M N V.

- 1 SINNERS, obey the gospel-word!
 Haste to the supper of my Lord!
 Be wise to know your gracious day!
 All things are ready; come away.
- 2 Ready the Father is to own
 And kiss his late returning son;
 Ready your loving Saviour stands,
 And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Ready the Spirit of his love,
 Just now the stony to remove:
 T'apply, and witness with the blood,
 And wash, and seal the sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the angels wait,
 To triumph in your blest estate;
 Tuning their harps they long to praise
 The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Are ready with their shining host:
 All heav'n is ready to resound,
 "The Dead's alive! The Lost is found!"

AWAKENING

- 6 Come then, ye sinners, to your Lord,
In Christ to paradise retir'd;
His precious blood for sinners' ransom,
The plenitude of gospel-grace.

HYMN VI.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for thee!
- 2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid,
"Receive my soul," he cries!
See, where he bows his sacred head!
He bows his head and dies.
- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God! was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine!

HYMN VII.

- 1 **O** Love divine! what hast thou done!
Th' immortal God hath dy'd for me!
The Father's co-eternal Son
Bare all my sins upon the tree:
Th' immortal God for me hath dy'd;
My Lord, my Love is crucify'd!
- 2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,
The blessing Prince of life and peace!
Come, sin, ye worms, your Maker die,
And say, was ever grief like his!
Come, feed with me his blood apply'd;
My Lord, my Love, is crucify'd.

AND INVITING.

- 3 Is crucify'd for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God;
Believe, believe the record true,
Ye all are bought with Jesu's blood;
Pardon for all flows from his side;
My Lord, my Love is crucify'd.
- 4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream;
All things for him account but lost,
And give up all our hearts to him;
Of nothing think or speak beside;
My Lord, my Love is crucify'd.

HYMN VIII.

- 1 **T**HEE we adore, eternal name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we be!
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase;
And ev'ry beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number left.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, whate'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To dash us to the tomb;
And these diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal states of all the dead,
Upon life's feeble strings!

- 6 Infinite joy, or endless woe
Depends on ev'ry breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy souls,
To walk this dang'rous road;
And if our souls are hurry'd hence,
May they be found with God!

HYMN IX.

- 1 **W**HEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I view my Maker face to face,
O how shall I appear!
- 2 If yet while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought;
My soul with inward sorrow shrinks,
And trembles at the thought!
- 3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
In majesty above,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear!
- 4 O may my lowly, contrite heart
Thy mercy's love impart,
And early with repentant tears
Beseech thee to be true!
- 5 Behold the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give thee all my weight.
- 6 For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to receive,
Who knows thy only Son hath dy'd
To make that pardon free!

HYMN X.

- 1 **A**ND am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my wandering spirit fly
Into a world unknown?
A land of deepest shade,
Unpierc'd by human thought!
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot!
- 2 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my portion be!
Wak'd by the trumpet's sound,
I from my grave shall rise,
And see the Judge with glory crown'd,
And see the flaming fires!
- 3 How shall I leave my tomb?
With triumph or regret?
A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing meet?
Will angel-bands convey
Their brother to the bar?
Or devils drag my soul away,
To meet its sentence there?
- 4 Who can resolve the doubt
That tears my anxious breast?
Shall I be with the damn'd cast out,
Or number'd with the lost?
I must from God be driv'n,
Or with my Saviour dwell:
Must come at his command to heav'n,
Or else depart to hell.
- 5 O thou, that wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die,
Who dy'dst thyself my soul to save,
Fresh endless misery!

Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe,
That when thou comest on thy throne
I may with joy appear.

6 Thou art thyself the way,
Thyself to me reveal;
So shall I spend my life's short day
Obedient to thy will :
So shall I love my God,
Because he first lov'd me ;
And praise thee in thy bright abode,
To all eternity.

H Y M N XI.

1 **A**ND am I only born to die?
And must I suddenly comply
With nature's stern decree?
What after death for me remains?
Celestial joys, or hellish pains,
To all eternity!

2 How then ought I on earth to live,
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
And props the house of clay!
My sole concern, my single care,
To watch, and tremble, and prepare
Against that fatal day!

3 No room for mirth or trifling there,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone:
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
Th' immortal throne!

4 No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery or joy;
But still when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destin'd place?
Shall I my swelling tears
With sands or angels spend?

- 5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies!
How make my own election sure,
And when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies!
- 6 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray,
Be thou my guide, be thou my way
To glorious happiness!
Ah! write the pardon on my heart!
And whensoever I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace!

HYMN XII.

- 1 **T**HOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear:
Our caption'd souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray.
- 2 To pray and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When rob'd in majesty and pow'r,
Thou shalt from heav'n come down;
Th' immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.
- 3 To damp our earthly joys,
To increase our gracious fears,
Forever let th' archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears
The solemn midnight cry
"Ye Dead, the Judge is near,
Arise, and meet him in the air,
And meet your instant doom!"

- 4 O may we that be found
 Obedient to his word,
 Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
 And looking for our Lord!
 O may we thus ensure
 A lot among the blest,
 And watch a moment to secure
 An everlasting rest!

HYMN XIII.

- 1 **H**E comes! he comes! the Judge severe,
 The seventh trumpet speaks him near;
 His lightnings flash, his thunders roll;
 How welcome to the faithful soul!
- 2 From heav'n angelic voices sound,
 See the almighty Jesus crown'd!
 Girt with omnipotence and grace,
 And glory decks the Saviour's face.
- 3 Descending on his azure throne,
 He claims the kingdoms for his own;
 The kingdoms all obey his word,
 And hail him their triumphant Lord.
- 4 Shout all the people of the sky,
 And all the saints of the Most High;
 Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
 For ever and for ever reigns.

HYMN XIV.

- 1 **L**O! he comes with clouds descending:
 Once for favour'd sinners slain!
 Thousand, thousand saints attending,
 Swell the triumph of his train.
 Hallelujah!
 God appears with man, to reign.

AND INVITING.

- 1 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him
 Rob'd in dreadful majesty;
 Those who set at nought and sold him,
 Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.
- 2 The dear tokens of his passion,
 Still his dazzling body bears;
 Cause of endless exultation
 To his ransom'd worshippers:
 With what rapture
 Gaze we on those glorious scars,
- 4 Yea! Amen! let all adore thee
 High on thine eternal throne!
 Saviour, take the pow'r and glory,
 Claim the kingdom for thine own;
 Jah! Jehovah!
 Everlasting God come down.

HYMN XV.

- 1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
 The gladly solemn sound;
 Let all the nations know
 To earth's remotest bound,
 The year of jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
 Hath full atonement made;
 Ye weary spirits rest;
 Ye mournful souls be glad:
 The year of jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 3 Exult the Lamb of God,
 The all-creating Lamb!
 Redeemed in his blood,
 Throughout the world proclaim;
 The year of jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And bliss in Jesus live.
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 5 Ye, who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesu's love.
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 6 The gospel-trumpet bear,
The news of heav'nly grace ;
And, far'd from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face !
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

HYMN XVI.

- 1 LUKEWARM souls, the foe grows stronger,
See the host your camp surrounds !
Arm to battle, lag no longer,
Hark ! the silver trumpet sounds !
Wake, ye sleepers ! wake, what mean you ?
Sin besets you round about,
Up and search, the world's within you,
Slay, or chase the traitor out.
- 2 What enchants you, sloth or pleasure ? -
Pluck sight-eyes, with right-hands part,
All your conscience where's your treasure,
For be certain there's your heart :
Give the fawning foe no credit,
See the bloody flag's unfurl'd !
That base heart, the Truth has said it,
Loves not God that loves the world.

AND INVITING.

- 3 God and Mammon? Oh! be wiser!
 Serve them both? It cannot be;
 Ease in warfare, saint and sinner,
 These can never well agree.
 Shun the shame of basely falling,
 Cumber'd captives, clogg'd with clay,
 Prove your faith, make sure your calling,
 Wield the sword, and win the day.
- 4 Onward press toward perfection,
 Watch and pray, and all things prove;
 Now make sure your own election,
 Taste the riches of his love:
 Shun backsliding, scorn dissembling,
 Lo! salvation's near in view!
 Work it out with fear and trembling,
 'Tis your God that works in you,

HYMN XVII.

- 1 THOU God of glorious majesty,
 To thee, against myself to thee,
 A worm of earth, I cry;
 A half-awakened child of man,
 An heir of endless bliss or pain,
 A sinner born to die!
- 2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand
 Secure, insensible;
 A point of time, a moment's space,
 Removes me to that heav'nly place,
 Or shuts me up in hell.
- 3 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart
 Eternal things impress;
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,
 And tremble on the brink of hell,
 And wake to right conduct.

PENITENTIAL.

- 4 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day.
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?
- 5 Be this my one great bus'ness here,
With serious industry and fear
Eternal bliss t'ensure!
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure!
- 6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale to live
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

PENITENTIAL.

HYMN XVIII.

- 1 FATHER of Lights, from whom proceeds
Whate'er thy ev'ry creature needs,
Whose goodness, providently nigh,
Feeds the young ravens when they cry;
To thee I look, my heart prepare,
Suggest and hearken to my pray'r.
- 2 Since by thy light myself I see
Naked, and poor, and void of thee;
Thy eyes must all my thoughts survey,
Preventing what my lips would say;
Thou seest my wants, for help they call,
And, ere I speak, thou know'st them all.

PENITENTIAL

- 3 Thou know'st the baseness of my mind,
Wayward, and impotent, and blind ;
Thou know'st how unsubdu'd my will,
Averse to good, and prone to ill ;
Thou know'st how wide my passions rove,
Nor check'd by fear, nor charm'd by love.
- 4 Fain would I know as known by thee,
And feel the indigence I see ;
Fain would I all my vileness own,
And deep beneath the burden groan ;
Abhor the pride that lurks within,
Detest and loath myself and sin.
- 5 Ah ! give me, Lord, myself to feel
My total misery reveal ;
Ah ! give me, Lord, (I still would say)
A heart to mourn, a heart to pray ;
My bus'ness this, my only care,
My life, my ev'ry breath be pray'r.

HYMN XIX.

- 1 'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord, or no ?
Am I his, or am I not ?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus ?
Why this dull and lifeless frame ?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse
Who have never heard his name.
- 3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Pray'r a task and burden prove ;
Ev'ry trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love ?
- 4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child ?

PENITENTIAL

- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, Is it thus with you?
- 6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?
- 7 Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhor'd;
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?
- 8 Lord, decide the doubtful case,
Thou who art thy people's sun;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.
- 9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

HYMN XX.

- 1 THE one thing needful, that good part
Which Mary chose with all her heart,
I would pursue with heart and mind,
And seek unwearied till I find.
- 2 But oh! I'm blind and ignorant;
The Spirit of the Lord I want,
To guide me in the narrow road,
That leads to happiness and God.
- 3 O Lord my God, to thee I pray,
Teach me to know and find the way
How I may have my sins forgiv'n,
And safe and surely get to heav'n.

PENITENTIAL.

24

- 4 My mind enlighten with thy light,
That I may understand aright
The glorious gospel-mystery,
Which shews the way to heav'n and thee.
- 5 Hidden in Christ the treasure lies,
That goodly pearl of so great price;
No other way than Christ there is
To endless happiness and bliss.
- 6 O Jesus Christ, my Lord and God,
Who hast redeem'd me by thy blood!
Unite my heart so fast to thee,
That we may never parted be.

H Y M N XXI.

- 1 O That I could repent!
O that I could believe!
Thou, by thy voice, the marble rent,
The rock in sunder cleave!
Thou, by the two-edg'd sword,
My soul and spirit part,
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break my stubborn heart.
- 2 Saviour, and Prince of Peace,
The double grace bestow,
Unloose the bands of wickedness,
And let the captive go:
Grant me my sins to feel,
And then the load remove;
Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal,
The balm of pard'ning love.
- 3 For thy own mercy's sake,
The cursed thing remove,
And into thy protection take
The pris'ner of thy love;

PENITENTIAL.

In ev'ry trying hour
Stand by my feeble soul,
And screen me from my nature's pow'rs,
'Till thou hast made me whole.

4 This is thy will, I know,
That I should holy be,
Should let my sin this moment go,
This moment turn to thee:
O might I now embrace
Thy all-sufficient pow'r,
And never more to sin give place,
And never grieve thee more.

HYMN XXII.

1 JESU, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wand'ring sheep;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep:
Let me be by grace restor'd,
On me be all long-suff'ring shown:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince enthron'd above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble contrite heart:
Give, what I have long implor'd,
A portion of thy grief unknown:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 For thine own compassion's sake
The gracious wonder show;
Cast my sins behind thy back,
And wash me white as snow;

PENITENTIAL

29

If thy bowels now are pier'd,
If I now myself barren,
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

4 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die!
Life, and happiness, and love,
Drop from thy gracious eye;
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

5 Look, as when thine eye pursu'd
The first apostate man,
Saw him weltring in his blood,
And bade him rise again;
Speak my paradise restor'd,
Redeem me by thy grace alone;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

6 Look, as when thy languid eye
Was clos'd that we might live;
"Father," (at the point to die,
My Saviour gasp'd) "forgive;"
Surely with that dying word
He turns, and looks and cries, "'Tis done!"
O my bleeding, loving Lord,
Thou break'st my heart of stone.

H Y M N XXIII.

1 LET the world their virtue boast,
Their works of righteousness;
I, a wretch undone and lost,
Am freely sav'd by grace;
Other title I disclaim,
This, only this is all my plea,
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus dy'd for me!

PENITENTIAL.

- 2 Happy they whose joys abound
Like Jordan's swelling stream,
Who their heav'n in Christ have found,
And give the praise to him :
Let them triumph in his name,
Enjoy their full felicity :
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus dy'd for me !
- 3 Blest are they, entirely blest,
Who can in him rejoice,
Lean on his beloved breast,
And hear the Bridegroom's voice ;
Meanest follower of the Lamb,
His steps I at a distance see :
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus dy'd for me !
- 4 Jesus, thou for me hast dy'd,
And thou in me shalt live ;
I shall feel thy death apply'd,
I shall thy life receive :
To bring fire on earth thou came,
O that it now may kindled be !
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus dy'd for me !

HYMN XXIV.

- 1 O That I could my Lord receive,
Who did the world redeem !
Who gave his life that I might live
A life conceal'd in him.
- 2 O that I could the blessing prove,
My heart's extreme desire ;
Live happy in my Saviour's love,
And in his arms expire.

PENITENTIAL.

25

- 3 Mercy I ask to seal my peace,
That, kept by mercy's pow'r,
I may from ev'ry evil cease,
And never grieve thee more!
- 4 Now, if thy gracious will it be,
Ev'n now my sins remove,
And set my soul at liberty
By thy victorious love.
- 5 In answer to ten thousand pray'rs,
Thou pard'ning God descend,
Number me with salvation's heirs,
My sins and troubles end.
- 6 Nothing I ask, or want beside,
Of all in earth or heav'n;
But let me feel thy blood apply'd,
And live, and die forgiv'n.

H Y M N XXV.

- 1 **W**ITH glorious clouds encompass round,
Whom angels dimly see,
Will the Unsearchable be found,
Or God appear to me?
- 2 Will he forsake his throne above,
Himself to worms impart?
Answer, thou Man of Grief and Love,
And speak it to my heart.
- 3 In manifested love explain
Thy wonderful design;
What meant the suffering Son of Man?
The streaming blood divine?
- 4 Didst thou not in our flesh appear,
And live and die below,
That I may now perceive thee near,
And my Redeemer know?

- 5 Come then, and to my soul reveal
The heights and depths of grace,
The wounds which all my sorrows heal,
That dear disfigur'd face.
- 6 Before my eyes of faith conso,et,
Stand forth a slaughter'd Lamb;
And wrap me in thy crimson vest,
And tell me all thy name.
- 7 Jehovah in thy person show,
Jehovah crucify'd!
And then the pard'ning God I know,
And feel the blood apply'd.
- 8 I view the Lamb in his own light,
Whom angels dimly see;
And gaze, transported at the sight,
To all eternity.

H Y M N XXVI.

- 1 JESU, if still the same thou art,
If all thy promises are sure,
Set up thy kingdom in my heart,
And make me rich, for I am poor:
To me be all thy treasures giv'n,
The kingdom of an inward heav'n.
- 2 Thou hast pronounc'd the mourners blest;
And, lo! for thee I ever mourn:
I cannot; no, I will not rest,
Till thou my only rest return;
Till thou, the Prince, of Peace appear.
And I receive the Comforter.
- 3 Where is the blessedness bestow'd
On all that hunger after thee?
I hunger now, I thirst for God!
See the poor sinning sinner, see,
And satisfy with endless peace,
And fill me with thy righteousness.

PENITENTIAL.

- 4 Ah ! Lord, if thou art in that sight,
Then hear thyself within me pray ;
Hear in my heart thy Spirit's cry,
Mark what my lab'ring soul would say ;
Answer the deep unutter'd groan,
And shew that thou and I are one.
- 5 Shine on thy work, disperse the gloom ;
Light in thy light I then shall see :
Say to my soul, " Thy light is come,
" Glory divine is ris'n on thee :
" Thy warfare's past, thy mourning's o'er ;
" Look up, for thou shalt weep no more."
- 6 Lord, I believe the promise sure,
And trust thou wilt not long delay ;
Hungry, and sorrowful, and poor,
Upon thy word myself I stay ;
Into thine hands my All resign,
And wait till all thou art is mine.

HYMN XXVII.

- 1 JESUS, if still thou art to-day
As yesterday the same,
Present to heal, in me display
The virtue of thy name.
- 2 If still thou go'st about to do
Thy needy creatures good,
On me, that I thy praise may show,
Be all thy wonders show'd.
- 3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat,
With pitying eyes behold me fall
A leper at thy feet.
- 4 Loathsome, and foul, and self abhor'd,
I sink beneath my sin ;
But if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine can make me clean.

PENITENTIAL.

- 5 Thou seest me deaf to thy commands;
Open, O Lord, my ear;
Bid me stretch out my wither'd hands,
And lift them up in pray'r.
- 6 Silent, (alas! thou know'st how long)
My voice I cannot raise;
But O! when thou shalt loose my tongue,
The dumb shall sing thy praise.
- 7 Lame at the pool I still am found:
Give, and my strength employ:
Light as a hart I then shall bound,
The lame shall leap for joy.
- 8 Blind from my birth to guilt and thee,
And dark I am within;
The love of God I cannot see,
The sinfulness of sin.
- 9 But thou, they say, art passing by,
O let me find thee near:
Jesus, in mercy, hear my cry,
Thou Son of David hear.
- 10 Long have I waited in the way
For thee, the heavenly light;
Command me to be brought, and say,
Sinner, receive thy sight!

HYMN XXVIII.

THE BEGGAR.

- 1 ENCOURAG'D by thy word
Of promise to the poor,
Behold a beggar, Lord,
Waits at thy mercy's door:
No hand, no heart, O Lord, but thine,
Can help or pity wants like mine.

PENITENTIAL.

- 2 The beggar's usual plea,
Relief from men to gain,
If offer'd unto thee
I know thou would'st disdain :
And those which move thy gracious ear,
Are such as men would scorn to hear.
- 3 I have no right to say,
That tho' I now am poor,
Yet once there was a day
When I possessed more :
Thou know'st that from my very birth
I've been the poorest wretch on earth.
- 4 Nor dare I to profess,
As beggars often do,
Tho' great is my distress,
My faults have been but few :
If thou should'st leave my soul to starve,
It would be what I well deserve.
- 5 'Twere folly to pretend
I never begg'd before ;
Or, if thou now befriend,
I'll trouble thee no more :
Thou often hast reliev'd my pain,
And often I must come again.
- 6 Tho' crumbs are much too good
For such a dog as I,
No less than children's food
My soul can satisfy ;
O do not frown and bid me go,
I must have all thou can'st bestow.
- 7 Nor can I willing be
Thy bounty to conceal
From others, who, like me,
Their wants and hunger feel :
I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,
And try to send a thousand more.

3 Thy thoughts, thou only Wise,
 Our thoughts and ways transcend,
 Far as the arched skies
 Above the earth extend:
 Such pleas as mine men would not bear,
 But God regards a beggar's pray'r.

HYMN XXIX.

- 1 JESU, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high:
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me:
 All my trust on thee is stay'd,
 All my help from thee I bring!
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
 More than all in thee I find:
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
 Just and holy is thy name;
 I am all unrighteousness;
 False and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin:
 Let the healing streams abound;
 Make, and keep me pure within.

PENITENTIAL.

Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

HYMN XXX.

- 1 O Love divine! how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me!
- 2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable:
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, and height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now was shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine:
This only portion, Lord, be mine!
Be mine this better part!
- 4 O that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice:
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heav'n on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice!
O that I could, with favour'd John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast!
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest!

PENITENTIAL,

HYMN XXXI.

- 1 **A**H! whither should I go,
Burden'd, and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my trouble show,
And pour out my complaint?
My Saviour bids me come,
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay.
- 2 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let my Saviour take
Possession of my heart?
Some cursed thing unknown
Must surely lurk within:
Some idol, which I will not own,
Some secret bosom-sin.
- 3 Jesu, the hind'rance show,
Which I have fear'd to see;
Yet let me now consent to know
What keeps me out of thee.
Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying pow'r display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.
- 4 I now believe, in thee
Compassion reigns alone:
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done!
In me is all the bar,
Which thou would'st fain remove;
Remove it, and I shall declare
That God is only love.

H Y M N XXXII.

- 1 FATHER of Jesus Christ the just,
My Friend and Advocate with thee,
Pity a soul that fain would trust
In him who liv'd and dy'd for me :
But only thou canst make him known,
And in my heart reveal thy Son.
- 2 If, drawn by thine alluring grace,
My want of living faith I feel,
Shew me in Christ thy smiling face,
What flesh and blood can ne'er reveal;
Thy co-eternal Son display,
And call my darkness into day.
- 3 The gift unspeakable impart ;
Command the light of faith to shine ;
To shine in my dark, drooping heart,
And fill me with the life divine :
Now bid this new creation be !
O God, let there be faith in me.

H Y M N XXXIII.

- 1 O Jesus my Hope
For me offer'd up,
Who with clamour pursu'd thee to Calvary's top ;
The blood thou hast shed,
For me let it plead,
And declare thou hast dy'd in thy murderer's stead.
- 2 Now, now let me know
Its virtue below ;
Let it wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
Let it hallow my heart,
And thoroughly convert,
And make me, O Lord, in the world as thou art.

3 Each moment apply'd,
 My weakness to hide,
 Thy blood be upon me, and always abide :
 My advocates prove
 With the Father above,
 And speak me at last to the throne of thy love.

HYMN XXXIV.

- 1 COME, holy celestial Dove,
 To visit a sorrowful breast,
 My burthen of guilt to remove,
 And bring me assurance and rest :
 Thou only hast pow'r to relieve
 A sinner o'erwhelm'd with his load ;
 The sense of acceptance to give,
 And sprinkle his heart with thy blood.
- 2 With me if of old thou hast strove,
 And strangely with-held from my sin,
 And try'd, by the lure of thy love,
 My worthless affections to win :
 The work of thy mercy revive ;
 Thy uttermost mercy exert ;
 And kindly continue to strive,
 And hold till I yield thee my heart.
- 3 Thy call if I ever have known,
 And sigh'd from myself to get free ;
 And groan'd the unspeakable groan,
 And long'd to be happy in thee ;
 Fulfill the imperfect desire,
 Thy peace to my conscience reveal ;
 The taste of thy favour inspire,
 And give me my pardon to seal !
- 4 If when I had put thee to grief,
 And made thee so silly return'd,
 Thy pity hath been my relief,
 And lifted me up as I mourn'd :

PENITENTIAL.

29

Most pityful Spirit of grace,
Relieve me again, and restore,
My spirit in holiness raise,
To fall and to suffer no more.

- 5 If now I lament after God,
And gasp for a drop of thy love,
If Jesus hath bought thee with blood,
For me to receive from above:
Come, heavenly Comforter, come,
True witness of mercy divine,
And make me thy permanent home,
And seal me eternally thine!

H Y M N XXXV.

- 1 **S**TAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Tho' I have done thee such despise,
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er thy grace receiv'd,
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd;
- 3 Yet, O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High-Priest,
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
T' exclude me from thy people's rest.
- 4 If yet thou canst my sins forgive,
From now, O Lord, relieve my woe;
Into thy rest of love receive,
And bless me with the calm repose.
- 5 From now my weary soul release,
Up-raise me with thy gracious hand,
And guide into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

PENITENTIAL

HYMN XXXVI.

- 1 WEARY of wand'ring from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow me to the rod;
For thee, not without hope, I mourn;
I have an advocate above,
A friend before the throne of love.
- 2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin,
Yet once again I seek thy face,
Open thine arms and take me in,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.
- 3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
O! for thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more!
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of pray'r.
- 4 Ah! give me, Lord, the tender heart,
That trembles at th' approach of sin!
A godly fear of sin impart:
Implant and root it deep within!
That I may dread thy gracious pow'r,
And never dare t' offend thee more.

HYMN XXXVII.

- 1 TO the haven of thy breast,
O Son of Man, I fly,
Be my refuge and my rest,
For O the storm is high!
Save me from the furious blast,
A covert from the tempest be!
Hide me, Jesus, till o'erpass
The storm of sin I see.

PENITENTIAL

- 2 Welcome as the water spring
To a dry, barren place ;
O descend on me and bring
Thy sweet refreshing grace ;
O'er a parch'd and weary land,
As a great rock extends its shade,
Hide me, Saviour, with thine hand,
And soften my naked head.
- 3 In the time of my distress
Thou hast my succour been,
In my utter helplessness
Restraining me from sin :
O how swiftly didst thou move,
To save me in the trying hour !
Still protect me with thy love,
And shield me with thy pow'r.
- 4 First and last, in me perform
The work thou hast begun :
Be my shelter from the storm,
My shadow from the sun :
Let me hang upon my God,
Till I thy perfect glory see,
Till the sprinkling of thy blood
Shall speak me up to thee.

H Y M N XXXVIII.

- 1 O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry,
Tho' all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold me not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin :
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight ;

PENITENTIAL

- Thy saving strength, O Lord, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 Tho' I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford:
And let a wretch come near thy throne
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 5 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just:
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.
- 6 Then will I teach the world thy ways,
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace:
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.
- 7 O may thy love inspire my tongue,
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my pow'rs shall join to blefs
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

HYMN XXXIX.

- 1 **D**ROOPING soul, shake off thy fears,
Fearful soul, be strong, be bold;
Tarry till the Lord appears,
Never, never quit thy hold;
Murmur not at his delay,
Dare not to set thy God a time,
Calmly for his coming stay,
Leave it, leave it all to him.
- 2 Fainting soul, be bold, be strong;
Wait the leisure of thy Lord;
Though it seem to tarry long,
True and faithful is his word;
On his word my soul I cast,
(He cannot himself deny)
Surely it shall speak at last;
It shall speak, and shall not lie.

P E N I T E N T I A L,

- 3 Ev'ry one that seeks shall find ;
 Ev'ry one that asks shall have ;
 Christ, the Saviour of mankind,
 Willing, able all to save,
 I shall his salvation see,
 I in faith on Jesus call,
 I from sin shall be set free,
 Perfectly set free from all.
- 4 Lord, my time is in thine hand ;
 Weak and helpless as I am,
 Surely thou canst make me stand ;
 I believe in Jesu's name :
 Saviour in temptation thou,
 Thou hast sav'd me heretofore,
 Thou from sin dost save me now ;
 Thou shalt save me evermore.

H Y M N XL,

- 1 **W**HY should the children of a king
 Go mourning all their days ?
 Great Comforter, descend, and bring
 The tokens of thy grace !
- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
 And seal the heirs of heav'n ?
 When wilt thou banish my complaints,
 And shew my sins forgiv'n ?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
 In the Redeemer's blood ;
 And bear thy witness with my heart,
 - That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
 The pledge of joys to come ;
 May thy blest wings, celestial dove,
 Safely convey me home.

P E T I T I O N.

H Y M N XL.

- 1 **M**Y drowsy pow'rs, why sleep ye so?
 Awake, my sluggish soul!
 Nothing hath half thy work to do;
 Yet nothing's half so dull.
- 2 Go to the ants: for one poor grain
 See how they toil and strive;
 Yet we, who have a heav'n t' obtain,
 How negligent we live!
- 3 We for whose sake, all nature stands,
 And stars their courses move;
 We for whose guards the angel bands,
 Come flying from above:
- 4 We for whom God the Son came down,
 And labour'd for our good,
 How careless to secure that crown
 He purchas'd with his blood!
- 5 Lord, shall we live so sluggish still,
 And never act our parts?
 Come, Holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,
 And warm our frozen hearts.
- 6 Give us with active warmth to move,
 With vig'rous souls to rise,
 With hands of faith, and wings of love,
 To fly and take the prize.



P E T I T I O N.

H Y M N XLII.

- 1 **H**APPY soul, that free from harms
 Rests within his shepherd's arms!
 Who his quiet shall molest?
 Who shall violate his rest?

P E T I T I O N.

- Jesus doth his spirit bear,
 Jesus takes his ev'ry care :
 He who found the wand'ring sheep,
 Jesus still delights to keep.
- 2 O that I might so believe,
 Stedfastly to Jesus cleave ;
 On his only love rely,
 Smile at the destroyer nigh ;
 Free from sin and servile fear,
 Have my Jesus ever near ;
 All his care rejoice to prove,
 All his paradise of love.
- 3 Jesus, seek thy wand'ring sheep,
 Bring me back, and lead, and keep ;
 Take on thee my ev'ry care ;
 Bear me, on thy bosom bear.
 Let me know my shepherd's voice,
 More and more in thee rejoice ;
 More and more of thee receive,
 Ever in thy spirit live,
- 4 Live, till all thy life I know,
 Perfect through my Lord below,
 Gladly then from earth remove,
 Gather'd to the fold above ;
 O that I at last may stand
 With the sheep at thy right-hand ;
 Take the crown so freely giv'n ;
 Enter in, by thee, to heav'n,

H Y M N XLIII.

- 1 **M**AKER, Saviour of mankind,
 Who hast on me bestow'd
 An immortal soul, design'd
 To be the house of God :

PETITION.

- Come, and now reside in me,
 Never, never to remove,
 Make me just, and good, like thee,
 And full of pow'r and love.
- 2 Bid me in thy image rise,
 A saint, a creature new ;
 True, and merciful, and wise,
 And pure, and happy too.
 This thy primitive design,
 That I should in thee be blest ;
 Should within thy arms divine
 For ever, ever rest.
- 3 Let thy will on mee be done ;
 Fulfil my heart's desire,
 Thee to know, and love alone,
 And rise in raptures higher :
 Thee descending on a cloud,
 When with ravish'd eyes I see,
 Then I shall be fill'd with God
 To all eternity !

HYMN XLIV.

- 1 **G**OD of all grace and majesty,
 Supremely great and good,
 If I have mercy found with thee,
 Through the atoning blood :
 The guard of all thy mercies give,
 And to my pardon join
 A fear, lest I should ever grieve
 Thy gracious Sp'rit divine.
- 2 If mercy is indeed with thee,
 May I obedient prove,
 Nor e'er abuse my liberty,
 Or sin against thy love :

PETITION.

This choicest fruit of faith bestow
On a poor sojourner ;
And let me pass my days below
In humbleness and fear.

- 3 Still may I walk as in thy sight,
My strict observer see ;
And thou by rev'rent love unite
My child-like-heart to thee :
Still let me, till my days are past,
At Jesu's feet abide ;
So shall he lift me up at last,
And seat me by his side.

HYMN XLV.

- 1 I Want a principle within
Of jealous godly fear,
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near.
- 2 That I from thee no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshy heart,
The tender conscience give.
- 3 Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make ;
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.
- 4 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove ;
And let me weep my life away,
For having griev'd thy love.
- 5 O may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul,
And drive me to the blood again
Which makes the wounded whole.

HYMN XLVI.

- 1 MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live, if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.
- 2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradise when thou art here;
If thou depart, 'tis hell.
- 3 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heav'n to rest in thine embrace,
And no where else but there.
- 4 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.
- 5 Not all the harps above
Can make a heav'nly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.
- 6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not one drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.
- 7 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll,
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.
- 8 To thee my spirits fly,
With infinite desire:
And yet how far from thee I lie!
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.

PETITION,

45

HYMN XLVII.

- 1 JESUS, come, thou hope of glory;
Purify me, that I
May with saints adore thee.
- 2 Big with earnest expectation,
Still I sit at thy feet,
Longing for salvation.
- 3 My poor heart vouchsafe to dwell in,
Make me thine, Love divine,
By thy Spirit's sealing.
- 4 Thou hast laid the sure foundation
Of my hope, build me up;
Finish thy creation.
- 5 From this in-bred sin deliver;
Let the yoke now be broke,
Make me thine for ever.
- 6 Partner of thy perfect nature
Let me be, now in thee,
A new spotless creature.
- 7 Perfect when I walk before thee,
Soon or late, then translate
To the realms of glory.

HYMN XLVIII.

- 1 I Thirst thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood:
To dwell within thy wounds: then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
- 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever clos'd to all but thee!
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

PETITION.

- 3 How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side !
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live !
- 4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quick'ning spirit breathe ;
Thou giv'st the pow'r thy grace to move,
O wond'rous grace, O boundless love !
- 5 How can it be, thou heav'nly king,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring ?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown ?
- 6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost ; nor will we know,
Nor will we think of ought beside,
" My Lord, my Love is crucify'd."
- 7 Ah ! Lord, enlarge our scanty thought
To know the wonders thou hast wrought ;
Unloose our stamm'ring tongue to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable !
- 8 First-born of many brethren thou,
To thee, lo ! all our souls we bow :
To thee our hearts and hands we give ;
Thine may we die, thine may we live.

HYMN XLIX.

- 1 SAVIOUR, the world's and mine,
Was ever grief like thine !
Thou my pain, my curse hast took,
All my sins were laid on thee :
Help me, Lord, to thee I look,
Draw me, Saviour, after thee.
- 2 To love is all my wish,
I only live for this :

PETITION.

Grant me, Lord, my heart's desire,
There by faith for ever dwell :
This I always will require,
Thee, and only thee to feel.

- 3 Thy pow'r I pant to prove,
Rooted and fixt in love ;
Strengthen'd by thy Spirit's might,
Wise to fathom things divine,
What the length, and breadth, and height,
What the depth of love like thine.
- 4 Ah ! give me this to know,
With all thy saints below ;
Swells my soul to compass thee ;
Gasps in thee to live and move,
Fill'd with all the Deity,
All immerst and lost in love.

HYMN L.

- 1 JESUS, thou all-redeeming Lord,
Thy blessing we implore,
Open the door to preach thy word,
The great effectual door.
- 2 Gather the outcasts in, and save
From sin and Satan's pow'r !
And let them now acceptance have,
And know their gracious hour.
- 3 Lover of souls, thou know'st to prize
What thou hast bought so dear ;
Come then, and in thy people's eyes
With all thy wounds appear !
- 4 Appear, as when of old confess
The suff'ring Son of God ;
And let them see thee in thy vest
But newly dipt in blood.

PETITION.

- 5 The stony from their hearts remove,
Thou, who for all hast dy'd;
Shew them the token of thy love,
Thy feet, thy hands, thy side!
- 6 Thy feet were nail'd to yonder tree,
To trample down their sin;
Thy hands they all stretch'd out may see,
To take thy murd'ers in.
- 7 Thy side an open fountain is,
Where all may freely go
And drink the living streams of bliss,
And wash them white as snow.
- 8 Ready thou art the blood t' apply,
And prove the record true;
And all thy wounds to sinners cry,
"I suffer'd this for you!"

HYMN LI.

- 1 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home;
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an ev'ning gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

P E T I T I O N .

- 5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
 With all their cares and fears,
 Are carried downward by the flood,
 And lost in following years.
- 6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away ;
 They fly, forgotten as a dream
 Dies at the op'ning day.
- 7 O God ! our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Be thou our guard while life shall last,
 And our perpetual home.

H Y M N LII.

- 1 COME, let us anew
 Our journey pursue,
 Roll round with the year,
 And never stand still till the Master appear !
 His adorable will
 Let us gladly fulfil,
 And our talents improve
 By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.
- 2 Our life is a dream,
 Our time as a stream
 Glides swiftly away,
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay :
 The arrow is flown,
 The moment is gone ;
 The millennial year
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.
- 3 O that each in the day
 Of his coming may say
 " I have sought my way thro',
 have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do."

PETITION.

O that each from his Lord
 May receive the glad word,
 "Well and faithfully done!
 "Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

HYMN LHI.

- 1 **L**EADER of faithful souls, and guide
 Of all that travel to the sky,
 Come, and with us, ev'n us abide,
 Who would on thee alone rely,
 On thee alone our Spirit stay,
 While held in life's uneven way.
- 2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
 This earth we know is not our place,
 And hasten thro' the vale of woe,
 And restless to behold thy face;
 Swift to our heav'nly country move,
 Our everlasting home above.
- 3 We've no abiding city here,
 But seek a city out of sight,
 Thither our steady course we steer,
 Aspiring to the plains of light;
 Jerusalem, the saints abode,
 Whose founder is the living God.
- 4 Patient th' appointed race to run,
 This weary world we cast behind,
 From strength to strength we travel on,
 The new Jerusalem to find;
 Our labour this, our only aim,
 To find the New Jerusalem.
- 5 Thro' thee, who all our sins hast borne,
 Freely and graciously forgiv'n,
 With songs to Zion we return,
 Contending for our native heav'n;
 That palace of our glorious King,
 We find it nearer while we sing.

PETITION.

51

6 Rais'd by the breath of love divine,
We urge our way with strength renew'd,
The church of the first-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God;
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Captain in the skies.

H Y M N LIV.

- 1 SON of God, if thy free grace
Again hath rais'd me up,
Call'd me still to seek thy face,
And giv'n me back my hope:
Still thy timely help afford,
And all thy loving-kindness show:
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.
- 2 By me, O my Saviour, stand
In sore temptation's hour!
Save me with thine out-stretch'd hand,
And shew forth all thy pow'r:
O be mindful of thy word,
Thy all-sufficient grace bestow;
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.
- 3 Give me, Lord, a holy fear,
And fix it in my heart,
That I may from evil near
With speedy care depart.
Sin be more than hell abhor'd:
Till thou destroy the tyrant foe,
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.
- 4 Never let me leave thy breast,
From thee, my Saviour, stray;
Thou art my support and rest,
My true and living way,

PETITION.

My exceeding great reward
 In heav'n above, and earth below:
 Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
 And never let me go.

HYMN LV.

- 1 **L**ORD, and is thine anger gone?
 And art thou pacify'd?
 After all that I have done,
 Dost thou no longer chide?
 Infinite thy mercies art,
 Beneath the weight I cannot move;
 Oh! 'tis more than I can bear,
 The sense of pard'ning love!
- 2 Let it still my heart constrain,
 And all my passions sway;
 Keep me, lest I turn again
 Out of the narrow way;
 Force my violence to be still,
 And captivate my ev'ry thought;
 Charm, and melt, and change my will,
 And bring me down to nought.
- 3 If I have begun once more
 Thy sweet return to feel;
 If even now I find thy pow'r
 Present my soul to heal:
 Still and quiet may I lie,
 Nor struggle out of thine embrace;
 Never more resist or fly
 From thy pursuing grace.
- 4 To the cross, thine altar, bind
 Me with the cords of love;
 Freedom let me never find
 From my dear Lord to move;

PETITION.

53

- That I never, never more
 May with my much-lov'd Master part,
 To the posts of mercy's door
 O nail my willing heart.
- 5 See my utter helplessness,
 And leave me not alone;
 O preserve in perfect peace,
 And seal me for thine own!
 More and more thyself reveal,
 Thy presence let me always find;
 Comfort, and confirm, and heal
 My feeble, sin-sick mind.
- 6 As the apple of an eye
 Thy weakest servant keep;
 Help me at thy feet to lie,
 And there for ever weep:
 Tears of joy mine eyes o'erflow,
 That I have an hope of heav'n;
 Much of love I ought to know,
 For I have much forgiv'n.

H Y M N LVI.

- 1 THEE will I love, my strength, my tow'r,
 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
 Thee will I love with all my pow'r,
 In all my works, and thee alone.
 Thee will I love, till the pure fire
 Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.
- 2 Ah! why did I so late thee know,
 Thee, lovelier than the sons of men?
 Ah! why did I no sooner go
 To thee, the only ease in pain?
 Asham'd I sigh and inly mourn,
 That I so late to thee did turn.

- 3 In darkness willingly I stray'd ;
 I sought thee, yet from thee I rov'd ;
 Far wide my wand'ring thoughts were spread,
 Thy creatures more than thee I lov'd ;
 And now if more at length I see,
 'Tis thro' thy light, and comes from thee.
- 4 I thank thee, uncreated Sun,
 That thy bright beams on me have shin'd ;
 I thank thee, who hast overthrown
 My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind :
 I thank thee, whose enliv'ning voice
 Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.
- 5 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
 Nor suffer me again to stray ;
 Strengthen my feet with steady pace,
 Still to press forward in thy way :
 My soul and flesh, O Lord of might !
 Fill, satiate with thy heav'nly light !

HYMN LVII.

- 1 INFINITE, unexhausted love !
 Jesus and love are one :
 If still to me thy bowels move,
 They are restrain'd to none.
- 2 What shall I do my God to love !
 My loving God to praise ?
 The length, and breadth, and height to prove,
 And depth of sov'reign grace ?
- 3 Thy sov'reign grace to all extends,
 Immense and unconfin'd ;
 From age to age it never ends,
 It reaches all mankind.
- 4 Throughout the world its breadth is known,
 Wide as infinity !
 So wide, it never pass'd by one,
 Or it had pass'd by me.

PETITION.

35

- 5 My trespass was grown up to heav'n ;
But far above the skies,
In Christ abundantly forgiv'n,
I see thy mercies rise !
- 6 The depth of all-redeming love
What angel-tongue can tell ?
O may I to the utmost prove
The gift unspeakable !
- 7 Come quickly, gracious Lord, and take
Possession of thine own !
My longing heart vouchsafe to make
Thine everlasting throne !
- 8 Assert thy claim, maintain thy right,
Come quickly from above,
And sink me to perfection's height,
The depth of humble love.

HYMN LVIII.

- 1 ALL glory to God in the sky,
And peace upon earth be restor'd ;
O Jesus, exalted on high,
Appear, our omnipotent Lord !
Who, meanly in Bethlehem born,
Didst stoop to redeem a lost race,
Once more to thy creatures return,
And reign in thy kingdom of grace.
- 2 When thou in our flesh didst appear,
All nature acknowledg'd thy birth :
Arose the acceptable year,
And heaven was open'd on earth ;
Receiving its Lord from above,
The world was united to blest
The Giver of concord and love,
The Prince and the Author of Peace.

PETITION.

- 3 O would'st thou again be made known,
 Again in the Spirit descend,
 And set up in each of thine own
 A kingdom that never shall end,
 Thou only art able to bless,
 And make the glad nations obey,
 And bid the dire enmity cease,
 And bow the whole world to thy sway.
- 4 Come then to thy servants again,
 Who long thy appearing to know,
 Thy quiet and peaceable reign
 In mercy establish'd below ;
 All sorrow before thee shall fly,
 And anger and hatred be o'er,
 And envy and malice shall die,
 And discord afflict us no more.
- 5 No horrid alarm of war
 Shall break our eternal repose ;
 No sound of the trumpet is there,
 Where Jesus's Spirit o'erflows :
 Appeas'd by the charms of thy grace,
 We all shall in amity join,
 And kindly each other embrace,
 And love with a passion like thine.

HYMN LIX.

- 1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One God in persons three !
 Bring back the heav'nly blessings lost
 By all mankind and me.
- 2 Thy favour and thy nature too,
 To me, to all restore ;
 Forgive, and after God renew,
 And keep us evermore.

P E T I T I O N.

57

- 3 Eternal Sun of Righteousness,
Display thy beams divine,
And cause the glories of thy face
Upon my heart to shine.
- 4 Light in thy light O may I see,
Thy grace and mercy prove !
Reviv'd, and cheer'd, and blest by thee,
The God of pard'ning love !
- 5 Lift up thy countenance serene,
And let thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Godhead reconcil'd !
- 6 That all-comprising peace bestow
On me through grace forgiv'n ;
The joys of holiness below,
And then the joys of heav'n !

H Y M N L X,

- 1 O Almighty God of Love,
Thy holy arm display !
Send me succour from above,
In this my evil day ;
Arm my weakness with thy pow'r,
Woman's seed appear within !
Be my safeguard and my tow'r
Against the face of sin.
- 2 Rock of my Salvation, haste,
Extend thy ample shade,
Let it over me be cast,
And screen my naked head :
Save me from the trying hour ;
Thou my sure protection be ;
Shelter me from Satan's pow'r,
Till I am fix'd on thee.

P E T I T I O N .

- 3 Set upon thyself my feet,
 And make me surely stand ;
 From temptation's rage and heat
 Cover me with thine hand :
 Let me in the cleft be plac'd ;
 Never from thy fence remove ;
 In thy arms of love embrac'd,
 Of everlasting love.

H Y M N L X I .

- 1 C O M E , Saviour, Jesu, from above !
 Assist me with thy heav'nly grace !
 Empty my heart of earthly love,
 And for thyself prepare the place.
- 2 O let thy sacred presence fill,
 And set my longing spirit free !
 Which pants to have no other will,
 But night and day to feast on thee.
- 3 While in this region here below,
 No other good will I pursue :
 I'll bid this world of noise and show,
 With all its glitt'ring snares, adieu.
- 4 That path with humble speed I'll seek,
 In which my Saviour's footsteps shine ;
 Nor will I hear, nor will I speak
 Of any other love but thine.
- 5 Henceforth may no profane delight
 Divide this consecrated soul ;
 Possess it thou, who hast the right,
 As Lord and Master of the whole.
- 6 Nothing on earth do I desire,
 But thy pure love within my breast ;
 This, only this, will I require,
 And freely give up all the rest.

PETITION.

59

HYMN LXII.

- 1 **T**HE praying spirit breathe,
The watching pow'r impart;
From all entanglements beneath
Call off my peaceful heart:
My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts oppress;
Appear and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.
- 2 Swift to my rescue come,
Thy own this moment seize;
Gather my wand'ring spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace:
Suffer'd no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the pris'ner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

HYMN LXIII.

- 1 **S**HEPHERD divine, our wants relieve
In this our evil day:
To all thy tempted foll'wers give
The pow'r to watch and pray.
- 2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O let our souls on thee be cast
In never-ceasing pray'r!
- 3 The spirit of interceding grace
Give us in faith to claim:
To wrestle till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden name.
- 4 Till thou thy perfect love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of ev'ry heart—
I will not let thee go.

- 5 I will not let thee go unless
 Thou tell thy name to me;
 With all thy great salvation bleſs,
 And make me all like thee.
- 6 Then let me on the mountain-top
 Behold thy open face;
 Where faith in ſight is ſwallow'd up,
 And pray'r in endless praiſe.

HYMN LXIV.

- 1 JESU, my ſtrength, my hope,
 On thee I caſt my care,
 With humble confidence look up,
 And know thou hear'ſt my pray'r.
 Give me on thee to wait,
 Till I can all things do,
 On thee almighty to create,
 Almighty to renew.
- 2 I want a ſober mind,
 A ſelf-renouncing will,
 That tramples down and caſts behind
 The baits of pleaſing ill:
 A ſoul inur'd to pain,
 To hardſhip, grief, and loſs,
 Bold to take up, firm to ſuſtain
 The conſecrated croſs.
- 3 I want a godly fear,
 A quick diſcerning eye,
 That looks to thee when ſin is near,
 And ſees the tempter fly;
 A ſpirit ſtill prepar'd,
 And arm'd with jealous care,
 For ever ſtanding on its guard,
 And watching unto pray'r.

PETITION.

61

- 4 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or with my suff'rings least.
This blessing above all,
Always to pray I want,
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.
- 5 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmov'd by threat'ning or reward,
To thee and thy great name :
A jealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.
- 6 I rest upon thy word;
The promise is for me,
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee :
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

H Y M N LXV.

- 1 **H**ELP, Lord, to whom for help I fly,
And still my tempted soul stand by
Throughout the evil day;
The sacred watchfulness impart,
And keep the issues of my heart,
And stir me up to pray.
- 2 My soul with thy whole armour arm,
In each approach of sin alarm,
And shew the danger near.

PETITION.

- Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,
And fill with godly jealousy,
And sanctifying fear.
- 3 Whene'er my careless hands hang down,
O let me see thy gath'ring frown;
And feel thy warning eye;
And starting cry from ruin's brink,
Save, Jesus, or I yield, I sink!
O save me, or I die!
- 4 If near the pit I rashly stray,
Before I wholly fall away
The keen conviction dart.
Recall me by that pitying look,
That kind upbraiding glance which broke
Unfaithful Peter's heart.
- 5 In me thine utmost mercy show,
And make me like thyself below,
Unblameable in grace;
Ready prepar'd and fitted here,
By perfect holiness to appear
Before thy glorious face.

HYMN LXVI.

- 1 JESU, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
On whom I cast my every care,
On whom for all things I depend,
Inspire, and then accept my pray'r.
- 2 If I have tasted of thy grace,
The grace that sure salvation brings:
If with me now thy Spirit stays,
And hov'ring hides me in his wings,
- 3 Still let him with my weakness stay,
Nor for a moment's space depart;
Evil and danger turn away,
And keep till he renews my heart.

PETITION.

63

- 4 When to the right or left I stray,
His voice behind me may I hear,
"Return, and walk in Christ thy way,
"Fly back to Christ, for sin is near."
- 5 His sacred unction from above
Be still my comforter and guide;
Till all the stony he remove.
And in my loving heart reside.
- 6 Jesus, I fain would walk in thee,
From nature's ev'ry path retreat;
Thou art my way, my leader be,
And set upon the rock my feet.
- 7 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall;
O reach me out thy gracious hand!
Only on thee for help I call;
Only by faith in thee I stand.

H Y M N LXVII.

- 1 **A** Charge to keep I have;
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky:
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
O may it all my pow'rs engage
To do my Master's will!
- 2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give:
Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assur'd, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

PETITION.

HYMN LXVIII.

- 1 **B**E it my only wisdom here,
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude:
Superior sense may I display,
By shunning ev'ry evil way,
And walking in the good.
- 2 O may I still from sin depart;
A wise and understanding heart,
Jesus, to me be giv'n!
And let me, through thy Spirit, know
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heav'n.

HYMN LXIX.

- 1 **G**OD of almighty love,
By whose sufficient grace
I lift my heart to things above,
And humbly seek thy face;
Through Jesus Christ the just,
My faint desires receive,
And let me in thy goodness trust,
And to thy glory live.
- 2 Whate'er I say or do,
Thy glory be my aim;
My off'rings all be offer'd through
The ever-blessed name:
Jesus, my single eye
Be fix'd on thee alone;
Thy name be prais'd on earth; on high,
Thy will by all be done.
- 3 Spirit of faith, inspire
My consecrated heart;
Fill me with pure, celestial fire,
With all thou hast and art;

PETITION.

My feeble mind transform,
And, perfectly renew'd,
Into a saint exalt a worm;
A worm exalt to God.

HYMN LXX.

- 1 THE thing my God doth hate,
That I no more may do,
Thy creature, Lord, again create,
And all my soul renew;
My soul shall then, like thine,
Abhor the thing unclean,
And sanctify'd by love divine,
For ever cease from sin.
- 2 That blessed law of thine,
Jesu, to me impart;
Thy Spirit's law of life divine,
O write it in my heart!
Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne'er remove
The law of liberty from sin,
The perfect law of love.
- 3 Thy nature be my law,
Thy spotless sanctity,
And sweetly ev'ry moment draw
My happy soul to thee:
Soul of my soul remain,
Who didst for all fulfil;
In me, O Lord, fulfil again
Thy heav'nly Father's will.

HYMN LXXI.

- 1 O For a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels thy blood
So freely spilt for me!

- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 O for a lowly contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells wit hin.
- 4 A heart in ev'ry thought renew'd,
And full of love divine !
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.
- 5 Thy tender heart is still the same,
And melts at human woe ;
Jesu, for thee distressed I am ;
I want thy love to know.
- 6 My heart, thou know'st can never rest
Till thou create my peace,
Till of my Eden repossess'd,
From ev'ry sin I cease.
- 7 Fruit of thy gracious lips, on me
Bestow that peace unknown,
The hidden manna, and the tree
Of life and the white stone.
- 8 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above ;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

HYMN LXXII.

- 1 THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows;
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose:
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest till it finds rest in thee.

P E T I T I O N.

67

- 2 Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove;
And fain I would, but though my will
Seems fixt, yet wide my passions rove;
Yet hindrances strew all the way
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.
- 3 'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in thee!
Yet while I seek, but find thee not,
No peace my wand'ring soul shall see:
O when shall all my wand'rings end,
And all my steps to thee-ward tend?
- 4 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone
The Lord of ev'ry motion there!
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.
- 5 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!"
To feel thy pow'r, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love be all my choice.

H Y M N LXXIII.

- 1 YE happy sinners hear
The pris'ner of the Lord,
And wait, till Christ appear
According to his word;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.
- 2 The Lord our righteousness
We have long since receiv'd;
Salvation nearer is
Than when we first believ'd;

RETITION.

Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

3 In God we put our trust;
If we our sins confess,
Faithful he is and just,
From all unrighteousness
To cleanse us all, both you and me;
We shall from all our sins be free.

4 Surely in us the hope
Of glory shall appear;
Sinners, your heads lift up,
And see redemption near;
Again I say rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

5 Who Jesu's sufferings share,
My fellow-pris'ners now,
Ye soon the wreath shall wear
On your triumphant brow;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

6 The word of God is sure,
And never can remove,
We shall in heart be pure,
And perfected in love;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

7 Then let us gladly bring
Our sacrifice of praise,
Let us give thanks, and sing,
And glory in his grace;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

PETITION.

HYMN LXXIV.

- 1 **F**OR ever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour dy'd!
- 2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to fight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

HYMN LXXV.

- 1 **J**ESU, my life, thyself apply,
Thy Holy Spirit breathe;
My vile affections crucify,
Conform me to thy death.
- 2 Conqu'ror of hell, and earth, and sin,
Still with thy rebel strive:
Enter my soul, and work within,
And kill, and make alive!
- 3 More of thy life, and more I have,
As the old Adam dies:
Bury me, Saviour, in thy grave,
That I with thee may rise.
- 4 Reign in me, Lord, thy foes controul,
Who would not own thy sway;
Diffuse thine image through my soul,
Shine to the perfect day.

PETITION.

- 5 Scatter the last remains of sin,
 And seal me thine abode;
 O make me glorious all withip,
 A temple built by God.

HYMN LXXVI.

- 1 **H**OLY Lamb, who thee receive,
 Who in thee begin to live,
 Day and night they cry to thee,
 As thou art, so let us be!
- 2 Jesu, see my panting breast;
 See, I pant in thee to rest!
 Gladly would I now be clean:
 Cleanse me now from ev'ry sin.
- 3 Fix, O fix my wav'ring mind;
 To thy cross my spirit bind;
 Earthly passions far remove,
 Swallow up our souls in love.
- 4 Dust and ashes though we be,
 Full of guilt and misery;
 Thine we are, thou Son of God,
 Take the purchase of thy blood!
- 5 Who in heart on thee believes,
 He th' atonement now receives;
 He with joy beholds thy face,
 Triumphs in thy pard'ning grace.
- 6 See, ye sinners, see the flame
 Rising from the slaughter'd Lamb,
 Mark the new, the living way,
 Leading to eternal day!
- 7 Jesu, when this light we see,
 All our soul's athirst for thee;
 When thy quick'ning pow'r we prove,
 All our heart dissolves in love.

PETITION.

91

8 Boundless wisdom, pow'r divine,
Love unspeakable are thine !
Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
Sons of earth, and hosts of heav'n.

H Y M N LXXVII.

- 1 JESU, thou art our King,
To me thy succour bring;
Christ, the mighty one art thou,
Help for all on thee is laid;
This the word, I claim it now,
Send me now the promis'd aid.
- 2 High on thy father's throne,
O look with pity down;
Help, O help ! attend my call,
Captive lead captivity :
King of Glory, Lord of all,
Christ, be Lord, be King to me.
- 3 I pant to feel thy sway,
And only thee t' obey :
Thee my spirit gasps to meet ;
This my one, my ceaseless pray'r,
Make, O make my heart thy seat !
O set up thy kingdom there !
- 4 Triumph and reign in me,
And spread thy victory :
Hell, and death, and sin controul,
Pride, and wrath, and ev'ry foe,
All subdue : through all my soul
Conqu'ring, and to conquer, go !

H Y M N LXXVIII.

- 1 LORD, I believe thy ev'ry word,
Thy ev'ry promise true;
And lo ! I wait on thee, my Lord,
Till I my strength renew.

PETITION.

- 2 If in this feeble flesh I may
Awhile show forth thy praise,
Jesu, support the tottering clay,
And lengthen out my days.
- 3 If such a worm as I can spread
The common Saviour's name;
Let him who rais'd thee from the dead
Quicken my mortal frame.
- 4 Still let me live thy blood to show,
Which purges ev'ry stain;
And gladly linger out below
A few more years in pain.
- 5 Spare me, till I my strength of soul,
Till I thy love retrieve;
Till faith shall make my spirit whole,
And perfect soundness give.
- 6 For this in steadfast hope I wait,
Now, Lord, my soul restore;
Now the new heav'ns and earth create,
And I shall sin no more.

HYMN LXXIX.

- 1 LOVE divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heav'n to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown;
Jesu, thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter ev'ry trembling heart.
- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into ev'ry troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest:

P E T I T I O N.

81

- Take away our pow'r of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive,
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.
- 4 Finish then thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be:
Let us see thy great salvation
Perfectly restor'd in thee:
Chang'd from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

H Y M N LXXX.

- 1 O That my load of sin were gone;
O that I could at last submit
At Jesu's feet to lay it down!
To lay my soul at Jesu's feet!
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest, till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

PETITION.

- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
 Thy light and easy burden prove;
 The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
 The labour of thy dying love.
- 5 I would; but thou must give the pow'r,
 My heart from ev'ry sin release;
 Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
 And fill me with thy perfect peace.
- 6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
 Nor let thy chariot-wheels delay!
 Appear, in my poor heart appear!
 My God, my Saviour, come away!

HYMN LXXXI.

- 1 LIGHT of life, seraphic fire,
 Love divine, thyself impart!
 Ev'ry fainting soul inspire;
 Shine in ev'ry drooping heart!
 Ev'ry mournful sinner cheer;
 Scatter all our guilty gloom!
 Son of God appear, appear!
 To thy human temples come.
- 2 Come in this accepted hour;
 Bring thy heav'nly kingdom in!
 Fill us with the glorious pow'r,
 Rooting out the seeds of sin:
 Nothing more can we require;
 We will covet nothing less:
 Be thou all our heart's desire,
 All our joy, and all our peace!

HYMN LXXXII.

- 1 GOD of all-redoeming grace,
 By thy pard'ning love compell'd,
 Up to thee our souls we raise,
 Up to thee our bodies yield:

PETITION.

95

Thou our sacrifice receive,
Acceptable through thy Son,
While to thee alone we live,
While we die to thee alone.

- 2 Meet it is, and just, and right,
That we should be wholly thine ;
In thy only will delight,
In thy blessed service join :
O that ev'ry work and word
Might proclaim how good thou art :
Holiness unto the Lord
Still be wrote upon our heart !

H Y M N LXXXIII.

- 1 **L**ET him to whom we now belong
His sov'reign right assert ;
And take up ev'ry thankful song,
And ev'ry loving heart.
- 2 He justly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price !
The Christian lives to Christ alone
To Christ alone he dies.
- 3 Jesus, thine own at last receive !
Fulfil our heart's desire !
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire.
- 4 Our souls and bodies we resign :
With joy we render thee
Our All, no longer ours, but thine,
To all eternity.

H Y M N LXXXIV.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the servant of the Lord !
I wait thy guiding eye to feel,
To hear and keep thy ev'ry word,
To prove and do thy perfect will ;

P E T I T I O N .

Joyful from my own works to cease,
Glad to fulfil all righteousness.

- 2 Me if thy grace vouchsafe to use,
 Meanest of all thy creatures, me,
The deed, the time, the manner chuse,
 Let all my fruit be found of thee :
Let all my works in thee be wrought,
 By thee to full perfection brought.
- 3 My every weak, though good design,
 O'er-rule, or change, as seems thee meet ;
Jesu, let all my work be thine !
 Thy work, O Lord, is all complete,
And pleasing in thy Father's sight ;
 Thou only hast done all things right.
- 4 Here then to thee thy own I leave,
 Mould as thou wilt thy passive clay ;
But let me all thy stamp receive,
 But let me all thy words obey :
Serve with a single heart and eye,
 And to thy glory live and die.

H Y M N LXXXV.

- 1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
 Let thy will on earth be done :
Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
 Glorious Lord of earth and heav'n.
- 2 If so poor a worm as I
 May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
 All my words and thoughts receive :
Claim me for thy service, claim
 All I have, and all I am.

PETITION.

77

- 3 Take my soul and body's pow'rs;
Take my mem'ry, mind, and will;
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel;
All I think, or speak, or do:
Take my heart; but make it new!
- 4 Now, O God, thy own I am!
Now I give thee back thy own;
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
Consecrate to thee alone:
Thine I live, thrice happy I;
Happier still if thine I die!
- 5 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done:
Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
Glorious Lord of earth and heav'n.

HYMN LXXXVI.

- 1 JESU, my truth, my way,
My sure, unerring light,
On thee my feeble steps I stay,
Which thou wilt guide aright.
- 2 My wisdom and my guide,
My counsellor thou art:
O never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart.
- 3 I lift my eyes to thee,
Thou gracious bleeding Lamb,
That I may now enlighten'd be,
And never put to shame.
- 4 Never will I remove
Out of thy hands my cause,
But rest in thy redeeming love,
And hang upon thy cross.

PETITION.

- 5 Teach me the happy art
In all things to depend -
On thee; O never, Lord, depart,
But love me to the end.
- 6 Still stir me up to strive
With thee in strength divine;
And ev'ry moment, Lord, revive
This fainting soul of mine.
- 7 Persist to save my soul,
Throughout the fiery hour,
Till I am ev'ry whit made whole,
And show forth all thy pow'r.
- 8 Through fire and water bring
Into the wealthy place;
And teach me the new song to sing,
When perfected in grace!
- 9 O make me all like thee,
Before I hence remove:
Settle, confirm, and stablish me,
And build me up in love.
- 10 Let me thy witness live,
When sin is all destroy'd;
And then my spotless soul receive,
And take me home to God,

HYMN LXXXVII.

- 1 **L** O! in thy hand I lay,
And wait thy will to prove,
My Potter, stamp on me thy clay,
Thy only stamp of love!
Be this my whole desire,
I know that this is thine;
Then kindle in my soul a fire
Which shall for ever shine.

P E T I T I O N .

- 2 Thy gracious readineſs
To ſave mankind aſſert ;
Thy image, love, thy name impreſs,
Thy nature on my heart !
Bowels of mercy, hear,
Into my ſoul come down ;
Let it throughout my life appear
That I have Chriſt put on.
- 3 O plant in me thy mind !
O fix in me thy home !
So ſhall I cry to all mankind,
Come, to the waters, come !
Jeſus is full of grace ;
To all his bowels move :
Behold in me, ye fallen race,
That God is only love !

H Y M N LXXXVIII.

- 1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim ;
Be thou my hope, my joy, my reſt !
The glories that compoſe thy name,
Stand all engag'd to make me bleſt.
- 2 Thou great and good, thou juſt and wiſe,
Thou art my Father and my God !
And I am thine, by ſacred ties,
Thy ſon, thy ſervant bought with blood.
- 3 With heart, and eyes, and liſted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look ;
As travellers in thirſty lands
Pant for the cooling water-break.
- 4 Even life itſelf, without thy love,
No laſting pleaſure can afford ;
Yea, 'twould a tireſome burden prove,
If I were baniſh'd from thee, Lord.

PETITION.

- 5 I'll lift mine hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

H Y M N LXXXIX.

- 1 O Thou, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free!
- 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross!
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.
- 3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.
- 4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesu, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
- 5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untir'd I follow thee!
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill!
- 6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day:
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

H Y M N XC.

- 1 JESU, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring,
Accept thy well-deserv'd renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

P E T I T I O N .

- 1 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee:
Like the blest hour when from above
We first receiv'd thy pledge of love.
- 3 The gladness of that happy day,
O may it ever, ever stay!
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold!
- 4 Each following minute as it flies
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are rais'd to sing thy name
At the great supper of the Lamb.

H Y M N XCI.

- 1 COME, Lord, from above,
The mountains remove,
Overtum all that hinders the course of thy love:
My bosom inspire,
Inkindle the fire,
And wrap my whole soul in the flames of desire.
- 2 I languish and pine
For the comfort divine,
O when shall I say, my Beloved is mine!
I have chose the good part,
My portion thou art,
O love, I have found thee, O God, in my heart.
- 3 For this my heart sighs,
Nothing else can suffice;
How, Lord, can I purchase the pearl of great price?
It cannot be bought,
And thou know'st I have nought,
Not an action, a word, or a truly good thought.
- 4 But I hear a voice say,
Without money ye may
Receive it, whoever have nothing to pay

PETITION.

Who on Jesus relies,
Without money or price,
The pearl of forgiveness and holiness buys.

5 The blessing is free,
So, Lord, let it be ;
I yield that thy love should be given to me,
I freely receive
What thou freely dost give,
And consent in thy love, in thy Eden to live.

6 The gift I embrace,
The giver I praise,
And ascribe my salvation to Jesus's grace ;
It came from above,
The foretaste I prove,
And I soon shall receive all the fulness of love,

H Y M N XCII.

1 **A**ND can I yet delay
My little All to give ?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive ?
Nay, but I yield, I yield !
I can hold out no more ;
I sink by dying love compell'd,
And own thee conqueror !

2 Though late I all forsake,
My friends, my All resign ;
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And soul me ever thine !
Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove :
Settle, and fix my wav'ring soul,
With all thy weight of love.

P E T I T I O N.

- 3 My one desire be this,
 Thy only love to know;
 To seek and taste no other bliss,
 No other good below.
 My life, my portion thou,
 Thou all-sufficient art,
 My hope, my heav'nly treasure, now
 Enter, and keep my heart !

H Y M N X C I I I.

- 1 **T**HOU Shepherd of Israel, and mine,
 The joy and desire of my heart,
 For closer communion I pine,
 I long to reside where thou art;
 The pasture I languish to find,
 Where all who their Shepherd obey,
 Are fed, on thy bosom reclin'd,
 Are screen'd from the heat of the day.
- 2 Ah ! shew me that happiest place,
 The place of thy people's abode,
 Where saints in an extasy gaze,
 And hang on a crucify'd God :
 Thy love for a sinner declare,
 Thy passion and death on the tree ;
 My spirit to Calvary bear,
 To suffer and triumph with thee.
- 3 'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock,
 There only I covet to rest,
 To lie at the foot of the rock,
 Or rise to be hid in thy breast ;
 'Tis there I would always abide,
 And never a moment depart ;
 Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,
 Eternally held in thy heart.

H Y M N XCIV.

- 1 JESUS, my Lord, attend
 Thy feeble creature's cry;
 And shew thyself the sinner's friend,
 And set me up on high;
 From hell's oppressive pow'r
 My struggling soul release;
 And to thy Father's grace restore,
 And to thy perfect peace.
- 2 Thy blood and righteousness
 I make my only plea;
 My present and eternal peace
 Are both deriv'd from thee.
 Rivers of life divine
 From thee, their fountain, flow,
 And all who know that love of thine,
 The joy of angels know.
- 3 Come then, impute, impart
 To me thy righteousness,
 And let me taste how good thou art,
 How full of truth and grace:
 That thou can'st here forgive,
 Grant me to testify,
 And justified by faith to live,
 And in that faith to die.

H Y M N XCV.

- 1 BEING of Beings, God of Love,
 To thee our hearts we raise:
 Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
 And gladly sing thy praise.
- 2 Thine, wholly thine, we pant to be,
 Our sacrifice receive:
 Made, and preserv'd, and sav'd by Thee,
 To Thee ourselves we give.

PETITION.

85

- 3 Heav'n-ward our ev'ry wish aspires ;
For all thy mercy's store,
'Tis the sole return thy love requires
Is that we ask for more.
- 4 For more we ask ; we open then
Our hearts t' embrace thy will :
Turn and beset us, Lord, again :
With all thy fulness fill.
- 5 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad !
So shall we ever live and move,
And be with Christ in God.

H Y M N XCVI.

- 1 O Sun of righteousness, arise
With healing in thy wing,
To my diseas'd, my fainting soul,
Life and salvation bring.
- 2 These clouds of pride and sin dispel
By thy all-piercing beam,
Lighten mine eyes with faith, my heart
With holy hope inflame.
- 3 My mind by thy all-quick'ning pow'r
From low desires set free ;
Unite my scatter'd thoughts, and fix
My love entire on thee.
- 4 Father, thy long-lost son receive :
Saviour, thy purchase own ;
Blest Comforter, with peace and joy
Thy new-made creature crown.
- 5 Eternal, undivided Lord,
Co-equal One and Three,
On thee all faith, all hope be plac'd,
All love be paid to thee.

PETITION.

HYMN XCVII.

- 1 SON of God, thy blessing grant,
Still supply my ev'ry want;
Tree of life, thy influence shed,
With thy sap my spirit feed.
- 2 Tenderest branch, alas! am I,
Wither without thee, and die,
Weak as helpless infancy;
O confirm my soul in thee.
- 3 Unsustain'd by thee I fall;
Send the help for which I call:
Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I ev'ry moment need.
- 4 All my hopes on thee depend;
Love me, save me to the end:
Give me the continuing grace;
Take the everlasting praise.

HYMN XCVIII.

- 1 LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow:
Oh! do not our suit disdain,
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
- 2 Lord, on thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend,
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 4 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;

PETITION.

87

Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

- 5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return ;
Those that are cast down lift up ;
Make them strong in faith and hope !
- 6 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a gracious God and kind :
Heal the sick, the captive free ;
Let us all rejoice in thee !

H Y M N XCIX.

- 1 COME, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise !
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of Days.
- 2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall !
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on thee be stay'd :
Lord hear our call.
- 3 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our pray'r attend :
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success ;
Spirit of holiness
On us descend.
- H 2

- 4 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour :
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in ev'ry heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of pow'r.
- 5 To the great One in Three
Eternal praises be,
Hence——evermore !
His sov'reign Majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

HYMN C.

- 1 OF him who did salvation bring,
I could for ever think and sing :
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive ;
Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve.
- 2 Ask but his grace, and lo ! 'tis given ;
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven ;
Tho' sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesu, thy balm will make it whole.
- 3 To shame our sins he blush'd in blood,
He clos'd his eyes to shew us God ;
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love could show.
- 4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan ;
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.
- 5 Infatiate to the spring I fly ;
I drink, and yet am ever dry :

Ah ! who against thy charms is proof !
Ah ! who that loves can love enough !

H Y M N C I .

- 1 **H**OW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see ;
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs,
Have all lost their sweetness with me :
The mid-summer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay ;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.
- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice ;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice :
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear ;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.
- 3 Content with beholding his face,
My All to his pleasure resign'd ;
No changes of season or place,
Would make any change in my mind :
While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear ;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.
- 4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song ;
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long ?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore ;
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

P E T I T I O N.

H Y M N C I L.

- 1 COME, thou fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace!
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise:
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixt upon it,
Mount of God's unchanging love!
- 2 Here I raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope by thy good pleasure
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd with precious blood!
- 3 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
Seal it from thy courts above!

H Y M N C I I I.

- 1 JESUS, from whom all blessings flow,
Great builder of thy church below,
If now thy Spirit moves my breast,
Hear, and fulfil thine own request.
- 2 The few that truly call thee Lord,
And wait thy sanctifying word,
And thee their utmost Saviour own,
Unite and perfect them in one.

PETITION.

91

- 3 O let them all thy mind express,
Stand forth thy chosen witnesses ;
Thy pow'r unto salvation show,
And perfect holiness below.
- 4 In them let all mankind behold
How Christians liv'd in days of old :
Mighty their envious foes to move,
A proverb of reproach—and love.
- 5 O might my lot be cast with those,
The least of Jesu's witnesses !
O that my Lord would count me meet
To wash his dear disciples feet !
- 6 This only thing do I require ;
Thou know'st 'tis all my heart's desire ;
Freely what I receive to give,
The servant of thy church to live.
- 7 After my lowly Lord to go,
And wait upon thy saints below,
Enjoy the grace to angels giv'n,
And serve the royal heirs of heav'n.
- 8 Lord, if I now thy drawings feel,
And ask according to thy will ;
Confirm the pray'r, the seal impart,
And speak the answer to my heart.
- 9 Tell me, or thou shalt never go,
“ Thy pray'r is heard ; it shall be so.”
The word hath pass'd thy lips, and I
Shall with thy people live and die.

HYMN CIV.

- 1 **E**VER fainting with desire,
For thee, O Christ, I call !
Thee I restlessly require,
I want my God, my All.

PETITION.

Jesu, dear redeeming Lord,
 I wait thy coming from above;
 Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
 And perfect me in love.

- 2 Wilt thou suffer me to go
 Lamenting all my days?
 Shall I never, never know
 Thy sanctifying grace?
 Wilt thou not the light afford,
 The darkness from my soul remove?
 Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
 And perfect me in love.

- 3 Lord, if I on thee believe,
 The second gift impart;
 With th'indwelling Spirit give
 A new, a contrite heart;
 If with love thy heart is stor'd,
 If now o'er me thy bowels move,
 Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
 And perfect me in love.

- 4 Let me gain my calling's hope,
 O make the sinner clean!
 Dry corruption's fountain up,
 Cut off th'intail of sin:
 Take me into thee, my Lord,
 And I shall then no longer rove:
 Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
 And perfect me in love.

- 5 Thou, my life, my treasure be,
 My portion here below!
 Nothing would I seek but thee,
 That only would I know:
 My exceeding great reward,
 My heav'n on earth, my heav'n above:
 Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
 And perfect me in love.

PETITION.

93

- 6 Grant me now the bliss to feel
Of those that are in thee ;
Son of God, thy self reveal,
Engrave thy name on me ;
As in heav'n be here ador'd,
And let me now the promise prove :
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

H Y M N C V.

- 1 MY God ! I know, I feel thee mine,
And will not quit my claim,
Till all I have is lost in thine,
And all renew'd I am.
- 2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
But will not let thee go,
Till stedfastly by faith I stand,
And all thy goodness know.
- 3 Jesu, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad ;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fix'd in God.
- 4 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow !
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow !
- 5 O that it now from heav'n might fall,
And all my sins consume ;
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,
Spirit of burning, come.
- 6 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul ;
Scatter thy life through ev'ry part,
And sanctify the whole.

PETITION.

- 7 Sorrow and sin shall then expire,
While, enter'd into rest,
I only live my God to admire,
My God for ever blest.
- 8 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move;
But Christ be all the world to me,
And all my heart be love.

HYMN CVI.

- 1 **WHAT** now is my object and aim?
What now is my hope and desire?
To follow the heav'nly Lamb,
And after his image aspire.
My hope is all center'd in thee;
I trust to recover thy love;
On earth thy salvation to see,
And then to enjoy it above.
- 2 I thirst for a life-giving God,
A God that on Calvary dy'd;
A fountain of water and blood,
Which gush'd from Immanuel's side!
I gasp for the stream of thy love,
The Spirit of rapture unknown;
And then to re-drink it above,
Eternally fresh from the throne.

HYMN CVII.

- 1 **JESU**, thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
O knit my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there!
Thine wholly, thine alone I am;
Be thou alone my constant flame!

PETITION.

93

- 2 O grant that nothing in my soul
 May dwell but thy pure love alone !
 O may thy love possess me whole !
 My joy, my treasure, and my crown ;
 Strange flames far from my heart remove ;
 My ev'ry act, word, thought, be love.
- 3 O love, how cheering is thy ray ?
 All pain before thy presence flies ;
 Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
 Where'er thy healing beams arise :
 O Jesu, nothing may I see,
 Nothing desire or seek but thee !
- 4 Unweary'd may I this pursue,
 Dauntless to the high prize aspire :
 Hourly within my soul renew
 This holy flame, this heav'nly fire !
 And day and night be all my care
 To guard this sacred treasure there.
- 5 O that I as a little child
 May follow thee, and never rest
 Till sweetly thou hast breath'd thy mild
 And lowly mind into my breast !
 Nor ever may we parted be,
 Till I become one sp'rit with thee.
- 6 Still let thy love point out my way :
 How wondrous things thy love hath wrought ;
 Still lead me, lest I go astray ;
 Direct my word, inspire my thought :
 And, if I fall, soon may I hear
 Thy voice, and know that love is near.
- 7 In full ring be thy love my peace,
 In weakness be thy love my pow'r ;
 And when the storms of life shall cease,
 Jesu, in that important hour,
 In death, as life, be thou my guide,
 And save me, who for me hast dy'd !

PETITION.

HYMN CVIII.

- 1 **H**OLY, and true, and righteous Lord,
I wait to prove thy perfect will;
Be mindful of thy gracious word,
And stamp me with thy Spirit's seal.
- 2 Open my faith's interior eye:
Display thy glory from above;
And all I am shall sink and die,
Lost in astonishment and love!
- 3 Confound, o'erpow'r me by thy grace:
I would be by myself abhorr'd:
All might, all majesty, all praise,
All glory be to Christ my Lord!
- 4 Now let me gain perfection's height:
Now let me into nothing fall,
As less than nothing in thy sight,
And feel that Christ is all in all!

HYMN CIX.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR of the sin-sick soul,
Give me faith to make me whole;
Finish thy great work of grace!
Cut it short in righteousness.
- 2 Speak the second time, "Be clean!"
Take away my inbred sin:
Every stumbling-block remove;
Cast it out by perfect love.
- 3 Nothing less will I require,
Nothing more can I desire:
None but Christ to me be giv'n!
None but Christ in earth or heav'n.
- 4 O that I might now decrease!
O that all I am might cease!
Let me into nothing fall!
Let my Lord be all in all!

PETITION.

HYMN CX.

- 1 LORD, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known,
A rest, where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art lov'd alone.
- 2 A rest, where all our soul's desire
Is fixt on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.
- 3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now the pow'r bestow,
And let me cease from sin.
- 4 Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The sabbath of thy love.
- 5 I would be thine, thou know'st I would,
And have thee all my own:
Thee, O my all-sufficient good!
I want, and thee alone.
- 6 Thy name to me, thy nature grant!
This, only this, be giv'n;
Nothing beside my God I want,
Nothing in earth or heav'n.
- 7 O Come, my Saviour, come away,
Into my soul descend;
No longer from thy creature stay,
My author, and my end.
- 8 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And seal me thine abode;
Let all I am in thee be lost,
Let all be lost in God!

PETITION.

HYMN CXI.

- 1 O Joyful sound of gospel-grace,
Christ shall in me appear !
I, even I, shall see his face ;
I shall be holy here.
- 2 The glorious crown of righteousness
To me reach'd out I view ;
Conqu'ror through him, I soon shall seize
And wear it as my due.
- 3 The promis'd land from Pisgah's top
I now exult to see ;
My hope is full (O glorious hope !)
Of immortality.
- 4 He visits now the house of clay ;
He shakes his future home :
O would'st thou, Lord, on this glad day
Into thy temple come !
- 5 With me, I know, I feel thou art,
But this cannot suffice,
Unless thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.
- 6 My earth thou wat'rest from on high,
But make it all a pool :
Spring up, O well, I ever cry,
Spring up within my soul.
- 7 Come, O my God, thyself reveal !
Fill all this mighty void :
Thou only canst my spirit fill ;
Come, O my God, my God !
- 8 Fulfil, fulfil my large desires,
Large as infinity !
Give, give me all my soul requires,
All, all that is in thee !

PETITION.

HYMN CXII.

- 1 JESU hath dy'd that I might live,
Might live to God alone;
In him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.
- 2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,
The gift unspeakable;
And wait with arms of faith t' embrace,
And all thy love to feel.
- 3 My soul breaks out in strong desire,
The perfect bliss to prove;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolv'd in love.
- 4 Give me thyself, from ev'ry boast,
From ev'ry wish set free;
Let all I am in thee be lost,
But give thyself to me.
- 5 Thy gifts, alas ! cannot suffice,
Unless thyself be giv'n :
Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where thou art 'tis heav'n !

HYMN CXIII.

- 1 THOU great mysterious God unknown,
Whose love hath gently led me on,
Ev'n from my infant days,
Mine inmost soul expose to view,
And tell me if I never know
Thy justifying grace.
- 2 If I have only known thy fear,
And follow'd with an heart sincere,
Thy drawings from above;

P E T I T I O N.

Now, now the farther grace bestow,
And let my sprinkled conscience know
Thy sweet forgiving love.

- 3 Short of thy love I would not stop,
A stranger to the gospel hope,
The sense of sin forgiv'n:
I would not, Lord, my soul deceive,
Without thy inward witness live,
That antepast of heav'n.
- 4 If now the witness were in me,
Would he not testify of thee,
In Jesus reconcil'd?
And should I not with faith draw nigh,
And boldly Abba, Father, cry,
I know myself thy child?
- 5 Ah! never let thy servant rest,
Till of my part in Christ possess,
I on thy mercy feed:
Unworthy of the crumbs that fall,
Yet rais'd by him who dy'd for all,
To eat the children's bread.
- 6 Whate'er obstructs thy pardoning love,
Or sin, or righteousness remove,
Thy glory to display;
Mine heart of unbelief convince,
And now absolve me from my sins,
And take them all away.

H Y M N CXIV.

- 1 O That I may walk with God,
Jesus my companion be!
Lead me to thy blest abode,
Thro' the fire, or thro' the sea.
Join'd to thee by humble love,
Nothing I desire beside,
Only let me never move,
Never stir without my guide.

PETITION.

HYMN CXV.

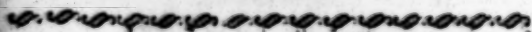
- 1 JESUS, the all-sustaining word,
My fallen spirit's hope,
After thy lovely likeness, Lord,
O when shall I wake up?
- 2 Thou, O my God, thou only art
The life, the truth, the way :
Quicken my soul, instruct my heart,
My sinking footsteps stay.
- 3 Of all thou hast in earth below,
In heav'n above to give,
Give me thine only self to know,
In thee to walk and live.
- 4 Fill me with all the life of love,
In mystic union join
Me to thyself, and let me prove
The fellowship divine.
- 5 Open the intercourse between
My longing soul and thee,
Never to be broke off again,
Thro' all eternity.

HYMN CXVI.

- 1 HOW vain are all things here below,
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And ev'ry sweet a snare.
- 2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

REJOICING.

- 3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of thy blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God!
- 4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense;
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call 'em thence.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.



REJOICING.

HYMN CXVII.

- 1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known!
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne:
Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But servants of the heav'nly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 2 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas:
This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love;
He will send down his heav'nly pow'rs
To carry us above.
- 3 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

REJOICING.

103

Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.
4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow :
Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry :
We're marching thro' Emanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

H Y M N CXVIII.

- 1 COME let us join our friends above
That have obtain'd the prize,
And on the eagle-wings of love
To joy celestial rise ;
Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone ;
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one.
- 2 One family we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death :
One army of the living God,
To his command we bow ;
Part of his host hath cross'd the flood,
And part is crossing now.
- 3 Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly :
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die :

REJOICING.

His militant, embodied host,
 With wishful looks we stand,
 And long to see that happy coast,
 And reach the heav'nly land.

- 4 Our old companions in distress
 We haste again to see,
 And eager long for our release
 And full felicity.
 Even now by faith we join our hands
 With those that went before,
 And great the blood-besprinkled bands
 On the eternal shore.
- 5 Our spirits too shall quickly join,
 Like theirs, with glory crown'd,
 And shout to see our Captain's sign,
 To hear his trumpet sound.
 O that we now might grasp our guide !
 O that the word were given !
 Come, Lord of Hosts, the waves divide,
 And land us all in heaven !

HYMN CXIX.

He hath done all things well. MARK vii. 37.

- 1 NOW, in a song of grateful praise,
 To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise ;
 With all his saints I'll join to tell
 My Jesus has done all things well.
- 2 All works his glorious pow'r confess,
 His wisdom all his works express ;
 But O his love, what tongue can tell !
 My Jesus has done all things well.
- 3 How sov'reign, wonderful, and free
 Has been THIS LOVE to sinful me.

REJOICING.

205

This pluck'd me from the jaws of hell—
My Jesus has done all things well.

- 4 I spurn'd his grace, I broke his laws,
And yet he undertook my cause
To save me, though I did rebel !
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 5 And since my soul has known his love,
What mercies hath he made me prove !
Mercies which do all praise excel,
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 6 Tho' many a fiery flaming dart
The Tempter levels at my heart ;
With this I all his rage repel,
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 7 Soon shall I pass the veil of death,
And in his arms shall lose my breath ;
Yet then my happy soul shall tell
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 8 And when to that bright world I rise,
And join the anthems in the skies,
Above the rest THIS NOTE shall swell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

HYMN CXX.

- 1 **H**APPY the man that finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race,
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.
- 2 Happy beyond description he
Who knows the Saviour dy'd for me,
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heav'nly understanding gains.
- 3 Wisdom divine ! Who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandize ?

REJOICING.

- Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross, compar'd to her.
- 4 Her hands are fill'd with length of days,
True riches and immortal praise;
Riches of Christ on 'all bestow'd,
And honour, that descends from God.
- 5 To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, Ipiritual delights:
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flow'ry paths are peace.
- 6 Happy the man who wisdom gains;
Thrice happy who his guest retains:
He owns, and shall for ever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heav'n are one.

HYMN CXLI.

- 1 **H**APPY the souls to Jesus join'd,
And sav'd by grace alone;
Walking in all his ways they find
Their heav'n on earth begun.
- 2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.
- 3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before thy throne!
We in the kingdom of thy grace;
The kingdoms are but one.
- 4 The holy to the holy'st leads;
From thence our spirits raise:
And he that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

HYMN CXXII.

LET earth and heav'n agree,
 Angels and men be join'd
 To celebrate with me
 The Saviour of mankind;
 T' adore the all-stoning Lamb,
 And bleſs the ſound of Jeſu's name.

2 Jeſus ! transporting ſound !
 The joy of earth and heav'n,
 No other help is found,
 No other name is giv'n
 By which we can ſalvation have,
 But Jeſus came the world to ſave.

3 Jeſus ! harmonious name !
 It charms the hoſts above ;
 They evermore proclaim,
 And wonder at his love :
 'Tis all their happineſs to gaze,
 'Tis heav'n to ſee our Jeſu's face.

4 His name the ſinner hears,
 And is from ſin ſet free ;
 'Tis muſic in his ears,
 'Tis life and victory ;
 New ſongs do now his lips employ,
 And dances his glad heart for joy.

5 Stung by the ſcorpion, ſin,
 My poor expiring ſoul
 The balmy ſound drinks in,
 And is at once made whole ;
 See there my Lord upon the tree !
 I hear, I ſee he dy'd for me.

6 O unexampled love !
 O all-redeeming grace !
 How ſwiftly didſt thou move
 To ſave a fallen race ;

What shall I do to make known,
What thou for all mankind hast done !

7 O for a trumpet-voice,
On all the world to call ;
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who dy'd for all !
For all my Lord was crucify'd !
For all, for all my Saviour dy'd !

8 To serve thy blessed will,
Thy dying love to praise,
Thy counsel to fulfil,
And minister thy grace ;
Freely what I receive to give,
The life of heav'n on earth to live.

H Y M N CXXIII.

1 ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears ;
Before the throne my surety stands ;
My name is written on his hands.

He ever lives above
For me to intercede ;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead :
His blood aton'd for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Receiv'd on Calvary ;
They pour effectual pray'rs,
They strongly speak for me :
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die.

4 The Father hear his cry,
His dear Anointed One;
He comes upon a cloud
The brightness of his Son;
His spirit answers to the blest
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconcil'd!
His pard'ning voice I hear;
He pawns me for his child,
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba Father, cry!

H Y M N CXXIV.

1 MY God, I am thine,
What a comfort divine;
What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine!
In the heavenly Lamb
Thrice happy I am,
And my heart is doth dance at the sound of his name.

2 True pleasures abound
In the rapturous sound;
And whoever hath found it, hath paradise found.
My Jesus to know,
And feel his blood flow,
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below!

3 Yet onward I haste
To the heavenly feast;
That, that is the fullest; but this is the tastest
And this I shall prove,
Till with joy I remove
To the heaven of heaven in Jesus's love.

H Y M N CXXV.

1 THY sweetest, unfeigned love,
Thou hast made me know,
Thou hast made me see,
And help our misery.

What shall I do to thee, O Lord,
What thou for all mankind hast done!

7 O for a trumpet-voice,
O for all the world to call;
To bid their happy voices
In him who dy'd for all!
For all my Lord was crucify'd!
For all, for all my Saviour dy'd!

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The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Saviour stands;
My name is written on his hands.
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For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead:
His blood aton'd for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Rack'd on Calvary;
They pour eternal prayers,
They strongly speak for me;
Forgive him, O Father, they cry,
Nor let thy wrath be kindled.

4 My heart is full of love
And I am full of love
And I am full of love
And I am full of love

5 My heart is full of love
And I am full of love
And I am full of love
And I am full of love

6 My heart is full of love
And I am full of love
And I am full of love
And I am full of love

What a blessing to have you
In the house of God
That I may see you
And my heart is full of love

7 Two glad hearts
In the house of God
And whoever hath seen you
And my heart is full of love

'Tis like a garden
That I may see you
And my heart is full of love
And I am full of love

9 That, when I see you
And my heart is full of love
And I am full of love
And I am full of love

To the house of God
And my heart is full of love
And I am full of love
And I am full of love

To the house of God
And my heart is full of love
And I am full of love
And I am full of love

To the house of God
And my heart is full of love
And I am full of love
And I am full of love

- 2 Thro' what to be gracious still,
Thou dost with favour bear,
That shou'd we say thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace impart.
- 3 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,
To ev'ry soul should be:
A vast, unsearchable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore!
- 5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are!
A rock that cannot move:
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love!
- 6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unshakably sure;
And while the truth of God remains,
Thy goodness must endure.

HYMN CXXVI.

- 1 **H**AIL, happy day, a day of holy rest,
When saints assemble, and on dainties feast;
When all in smiles the God of grace descends,
Opens his flower, and entertains his friends.
- 2 Why, Lord, to men shouldst thou such favour show,
Who shou'd their sins and sought thine over-throw?
Why? but because thy saints lov'd thee flow'd,
And mischief never is pursuing God.
- 3 This made thee thus thy word and love to show,
And veil'd the God to manifest his love;

Made thee in form of sinful flesh appear,
Thy creature rage and Father's wrath to bear.

- 4 A vile and cruel death this noble life did die,
Thy precious blood was spilt my sins to buy;
Wrath to appease, my sinners' lives to free,
And from eternal pain save my soul.
- 5 Amazing fount of mercy's graces,
Here love doth in its utmost love shine;
O let it quicken in my soul's higher,
And my whole soul with holy rapture fire.
- 6 What heart the pow'ful influence can withstand,
Or who refuse to bow to love's command?
I'm conquered, Lord, and willingly resign
Myself to thee, to be for ever thine.
- 7 With every idol now I'll surely part,
And tear each rival passion from my heart;
I'll doom to death the sin I lov'd before,
The' once I pierc'd—I'll give my God no more.
- 8 Thus I resolve, but mine's a sick heart;
To keep it firm, thy mighty aid import;
Breathe on my soul, and holy love inspire,
Help to perform, then what thou wilt require.

H Y M N CXXVII.

- 1 LORD, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and voice,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to thee.
- 2 Thy ransom'd servant, I
Restore to thee thy own;
And from this moment live or die
To serve my God alone.

HYMN CXXVIII.

- 1 O Tell me no more
Of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;
A country I've found
Where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determin'd in that happy ground.
- 2 The souls that believe
In paradise live,
And me in that number will Jesus receive:
My soul don't delay,
He calls thee away,
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.
- 3 No mortal doth know
What he can bestow,
What light, strength, and comfort—go after him, go!
Lo! onward I move
To a country above,
None guesses how wond'rous my journey will prove.
- 4 Great spoils I shall win,
From death, hell, and sin,
Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ within;
And when I'm to die,
Receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot tell why.
- 5 But this I do find,
We two are so join'd,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind;
So this is the race
I'm running thro' grace,
Henceforth till admitted to see my Lord's face.
- 6 And now I'm in care,
My neighbours may share
These blessings, to seek them will none of you dare?

REJOICING.

In bondage, O why,
And death will you lie,
When one liere assures you free grace is so nigh?

HYMN CXXIX.

- 1 **A**ND must this body die,
This well-wrought frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?
- 2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.
- 3 God my redeemer lives,
And ever from the skies
Looks down and watches o'er my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.
- 4 Array'd in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And ev'ry shape and ev'ry face
Be heav'nly and divine.
- 5 These lively hopes we owe,
Lord, to thy dying love;
O may we bless thy grace below,
And sing thy grace above.
- 6 Saviour, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sounds we raise
With our immortal tongues.

HYMN CXXX.

- 1 **F**AR above yon glorious ceiling
Of the maze-washed sky,
Jesus sits, his love revealing
To the splendid troops on high.

REJOICING,

Hosts seraphic, humbly bowing,
At his footstool prostrate fall;
Saints and angels all avowing,
God in Christ their all in all.

2 Could we leave our foolish dreaming
Of a fancy'd heav'n below,
And see Jesu's glory beaming,
How our souls would long to go!
Earth by us would then be spurned,
All its vanities subside;
Fuel fitting to be burned,
Are its honours, pleasure, pride.

3 From the general conflagration,
We shall to its refuge fly,
Clasp the hope of our salvation,
Live in Christ, in Jesus die.
We in him our rest regaining,
All his blessedness should prove;
O'er our foes victorious reigning,
Perfected in spotless love.

4 We should for his day be waiting,
When the full reward is giv'n;
When his glorious work completing,
Jesus takes his church to heav'n.
Pure from ev'ry stain of nature,
Here in holiness to shine;
Modell'd like its great Creator,
All immortal, all divine.

HYMN CXXXI.

(SPOKEN EXTEMPORARY.)

3 JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Scorn'd be the thought by rich and poor,
My soul shall scorn it more and more.

REJOICING.

- 2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon
Let morning blush to own the sun.
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom for heav'n my hopes depend;
No, if I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 4 Asham'd of Jesus! Yes I may
When I've no sin to wash away,
No tears to wipe, no joys to crave,
Or no immortal soul to save.
- 5 'Till then, nor is the boasting vain,
'Till then I'll boast a Saviour slain;
And O may this my portion be,
The Saviour not asham'd of me.

HYMN CXXXII.

- 1 **H**E dies, the friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around,
A solemn darkness veils the skies!
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load!
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.
- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for man!
But lo! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus, the dead, revives again!
The rising God forsakes the tomb:
(In vain the tomb forbids his rise)
Cherubic legions guard him hence,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

REJOICING.

- 3 Break off your arms, ye saints, and tell
 How high our great Deliverer reigns;
 Sing how he quell'd the hosts of hell,
 And led the sinner down in chains:
 Say, "Live for ever, wond'rous King!
 "Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
 Then ask the monster—"where's thy sting?"
 "And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

HYMN CXXXIII.

- 1 THE despised Nazarene,
 Who is chief in my esteem;
 Mark'd with scourges, nails, and spear,
 Hung an ensign in the air.
 None among the sons of men,
 None among the heav'nly train,
 Can with my Belov'd compare,
 Who to me is ever dear.
- 2 Had I Gabriel's heav'nly tongue,
 He should ever be my song;
 Object of my present bliss,
 Subject of my future praise.
 Ravish'd I'm beyond degree,
 While I view him on the tree;
 All his wounds and bruises are
 To my soul exceeding fair.
- 3 Other loves I despise;
 Mine is gone beyond the skies:
 Earthly things are far too mean
 To divert me from the Lamb.
 How, my Lord, shall I set forth
 All thy dignity and worth?
 Human words cannot express
 Half thy love and half thy praise.
- 4 From thy saints we supply
 Of thy grace to testify;

REJOICING.

117

Let my fellow-pilgrims sing
What is told in thy Word,
Soul and body fast with thine,
While I thus, my Saviour ward,
Soul and body, Lord, sit free
In the gospel liberty.

HYMN CXIXIV.

FOR PILGRIMS.

- 1 YE happy Pilgrims come,
Your drooping spirits raise,
Our Jesus soon will take us home
To sing his endless praise.

CHORUS.

*Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah,
We are on our journey home.*

- 2 Rise, this is not our rest,
Why seek it here in vain?
When ready for the marriage feast,
We there our rest shall gain.

Hallelujah, &c.

- 3 We rest from sin below,
From suffering up on high,
If in the ways of grace we go
To glory in the sky.

Hallelujah, &c.

- 4 As strangers here we live,
Nor biding city find;
And all our hearts to Jesus give,
And leave the world behind.

Hallelujah, &c.

- 5 Thus saints in ancient days
A country sought above,
And hasten'd there with songs of praise,
And hearts inflam'd with love.

Hallelujah, &c.

REJOICING

- 6 Their banners as pavilions,
And fight our passage through,
And always keep the prize in view
Till we arrive there too.
Hallelujah, &c.
- 7 The prize—beyond how bright
It glitters through the sky!
Haste, pilgrims haste, and run, and fight,
And seize the crown so high.
Hallelujah, &c.

H Y M N CXXXV.

- 1 O Thou to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Thro' all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!
- 2 In heav'n thy wond'rous acts are sung,
Nor fully reckon'd there;
And yet thou mak'st the infant tongue
Thy boundless praise declare.
- 3 What's more, say I, that, Lord, thou lov'st
To keep him in thy mind?
Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
To him so wondrous kind?

C H O R U S.

To that great undivided Three,
One God, whom heav'n and earth adore,
As 'eons and is, all glory be,
All time itself shall be no more. *Hallelujah.*

H Y M N CXXXVI.

- 1 PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,
We watch'd fainter and
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

REJOICING.

- 1 With pleasing eyes the palace of grace
Behold our happy guest;
He flies, and (Oh! entering love!)
He runs to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining firm above,
With joyful haste he fell;
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 Oh! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their swelling silence break,
And all innumerable human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.
- 5 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

HYMN CXXXVII.

- 1 VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good,
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood!
All thy pleasures I forego,
I trample on thy wealth and pride;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucify'd!
- 2 Other knowledge I disdain,
'Tis all but vanity;
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
He tasted death for me;
Me to live from sin and shame,
The sin-staining willow dyed;
Only Jesus will I love,
And Jesus crucify'd!

- 3 Here will I sit up my rest,
 My trusting heart
 From the haven of his breast
 Shall never more depart;
 Whither should a sinner go?
 His wounds for me stand open wide;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucify'd!
- 4 Him to know is life and peace,
 And pleasure without end;
 This is all my happiness,
 On Jesus to depend;
 Daily in his grace to grow,
 And ever in his faith abide;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucify'd!
- 5 O that I could all invite,
 This saving truth to prove:
 Shew the length, and breadth, and height,
 And depth of Jesu's love!
 Fain I would to sinners show
 The blood by faith alone apply'd;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucify'd!

HYMN CXXXVIII.

- 1 LET ev'ry tongue thy goodness speak,
 Then for'ever Lord of all;
 Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
 And raise the poor that fall.
- 2 When thrown how the spirit down,
 Or virtue lies distressed
 Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,
 There giv'st the mourner rest.

REJOICING.

- 3 The Lord supports our infant days,
And guides our giddy youth :
Holy and just are all thy ways,
And all thy works are truth.
- 4 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel :
Thou hear'st thy children cry,
And their best wishes to fulfil
Thy grace is ever nigh.
- 5 Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere ;
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.
- 6 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
And spread thy fame abroad :
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honours of their God.

HYMN CXXXIX.

- 1 MY God the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.
- 2 In darkest shades if thou appear,
My dawning is begun ;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.
- 3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Would bear me conqu'ror through.

HYMN CXL

- 1 **THY** daily mercies, O my God,
My waking thoughts employ,
And while I meditate on thee,
My heart is fill'd with joy.
- 2 Thou giv'st me rest upon my bed,
Soft slumber to my eyes;
Thy goodness is again renew'd
When in the morn I rise.
- 3 Throughout the business of the day
Thine arm does me uphold,
Amidst the terrors of the night
Thy presence makes me bold.
- 4 Whether in sickness or in health,
Thy grace doth me sustain:
Let me, O Lord, thy favour have,
And I shall ne'er complain.
- 5 Aided by thee, I need not fear
The frowns of rich or great;
Their pomp and wealth I covet not,
Nor envy all their state.
- 6 Although the fig-tree blossom not,
Nor vineyard yield increase,
In thee, my Saviour, and my God,
To joy I will not cease.
- 7 Yea tho' the world by sinners be
And cruelly oppress'd,
Yet still in thee, my only hope,
I will firmly trust.

HYMN CXLI.

- 1 THE spacious Firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heav'n, (a shining frame!)
 Their great Original proclaim.
 Th' unwearied sun from day to day
 Doth his Creator's pow'r display;
 And publishes to ev'ry land
 The work of an almighty hand.
- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
 And nightly to the list'ning earth
 Repeats the story of her birth:
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets, in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 3 What though in solemn silence all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
 What though no real voice nor sound
 Amid the radiant orbs be found;
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 For ever singing, as they shine,
 "The hand that made us is divine."

HYMN CXLII.

- 1 THE voice of my Beloved sounds,
 While o'er the mountain tops he bounds,
 He flies exulting o'er the hills,
 And all my soul with transport fills;
 Gently doth he chide my Ray,
 "Rise, my love, and come away."

REJOICING.

- 2 The scatter'd clouds are fled at last,
The rain is gone, the winter past,
The lovely vernal show'rs appear,
The warbling choir enchant our ear;
Now, with sweetly-passive moan,
Cooes the turtle dove alone.

HYMN CXLIII.

- 1 **H**ARK! how the Gospel Trumpet sounds,
Thro' all the earth the echo bounds!
And Jesus, by redeeming blood,
Is bringing sinners back to God;
And guides them safely by his word
To endless day.

- 2 Hail, all-victorious conqu'ring Lord,
Be thou by all thy works ador'd,
Who undertook for sinful man,
And brought salvation through thy name,
That we with thee may ever reign
In endless day.

- 3 Fight on, ye conqu'ring souls, fight on,
And when the conquest you have won,
Then palms of vict'ry you shall bear,
And in his kingdom have a share,
And crowns of glory ever wear
In endless day.

- 4 There we shall in sweet chorus join,
And saints and angels all combine
To sing of his redeeming love,
When rolling years shall cease to move,
And this shall be our theme above.
In endless day.

HYMN CXLIV.

- 1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

REJOICING:

205

- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.
- 3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out strong cries and tears;
And in his measure feels afresh
What ev'ry member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smould'ring flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his pow'r;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour.

HYMN CXLV.

- 1 JESUS, my All, to heav'n is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment;
The King's highway of holiness
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief a burthen long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.
- 4 The more I strive against its pow'r,
I sin'd and stumbled but the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am your God."

REJOICING.

- 5 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, whose I am:
Nothing but sin I thee can give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

HYMN CXLVI.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As we journey let us sing;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways!
- 2 We are trav'ling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O, ye banish'd seed, be glad!
Christ our advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.
- 4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismay'd go on.
- 5 Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee!

HYMN CXLVII.

- 1 WORLD, adieu! thou real cheat,
Oft have thy deceitful charms
Fill'd my heart with fond conceit,
Foolish hopes, and false alarms:

REJOICING.

327

Now I see as clear as day
How thy follies pass away.

- 2 Vainthy entertaining sights,
False thy promises renew'd,
All the pomp of thy delights
Does but flatter and delude:
Thee I quit for heav'n above,
Object of the noblest love.
- 3 Foolish vanity——farewell——
More inconstant than the wave,
Where thy soothing fancies dwell,
Purest tempers they deprave:
He, to whom I fly from thee,
Jesus Christ shall set me free.
- 4 Let not, Lord, my wand'ring mind
Follow after fleeting toys,
Since in thee alone I find
Solid and substantial joys;
Joys that, never over-past,
Thro' eternity shall last.

H Y M N CXLVIII.

- 1 MY God, my portion, and my love, 4
My everlasting All,
I've none but thee in heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.
- 2 What empty things we all the idols,
And this inferior clod?
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.
- 3 In vain the bright, the burning sun
Scatters his feeble light:
'Tis thy sweet beams create my day;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

REJOICING.

- 4 And whilst upon my restless bed
Amongst the shades I roll,
If my Redeemer shows his head,
'Tis morning with my soul.
- 5 To thee we owe our wealth and friends,
And health and safe abode :
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.
- 6 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compar'd to thee !
Or what's my safety or my health,
Or all my friends to me ?
- 7 Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars mine own ;
Without thy graces, and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.
- 8 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore,
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

HYMN CXLIX.

- 1 O Glorious hope of perfect love,
It lifts me up to things above,
It bears on eagle's wings ;
It gives my ravish'd soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesu's priests and kings.
- 2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below :
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise
In copious plenty grow.

- 3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favour'd with God's precious smile,
With ev'ry blessing blest:
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.
- 4 O that I might at once go up,
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess;
This moment end my legal years,
Sorrows, and sin, and doubts, and fears,
An howling wilderness.
- 5 Now, O my Joshua, bring me in,
Cast out thy foes, the inward sin,
The carnal mind remove,
The purchase of thy death divine:
And, oh! with all the sanctify'd,
Give me a lot of love!

H Y M N C L.

- 1 FATHER, how wide thy glories shine,
How high thy wonders rise!
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands thro' the skies.
Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r,
Their motions speak thy skill,
And on the wings of ev'ry hour
We read thy patience still.
- 2 Part of thy name divinely shews
On all thy creatures writ,
They show the labour of thine hands,
Or imprint of thy feet.

PRAISE.

- But when we see thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their dearest bonds;
- 3 Here the whole Duty is known,
Nor dars a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.
Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains,
Bright seraphs bear Isaac's name,
And try their choicest strains.
- 4 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be.

P R A I S E.

HYMN CII.

- 1 O What shall I do my Saviour to praise!
So faithful and true, so plentiful in grace!
So strong to deliver, so good to redeem
The weakest believer that hangs upon him!
- 2 How happy the man whose heart is set free,
The people that can be joyful in thee!
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face,
And still they are talking of Jesus's grace.
- 3 Their daily delight shall be in thy name,
They sing, at their right, thy righteousness claim!

PSALM

The righteous shall flourish, and shall be by the
blood,
Bold shall they appear in the presence of God.

- 4 For thou art their heart, their glory, and pow'r;
And I also trust to see the glad hour,
My soul's now standing, a life from the dead;
The day of salvation that lifts up my head.
- 5 For Jesus, my Lord, is now my defence;
I trust in his worth, and place me from thence;
Since I have found favour, he all things will do
My King and my Saviour shall make me show.
- 6 Yea, Lord, I shall say the truth of mine own,
Thy secret to me shall soon be made known:
For sorrow and sadness I joy shall receive,
And share in the gladness of all that believe.

HYMN CLII.

- 1 I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endure.
- 2 Happy the man who trusts his God;
On Israel's God; he made the sky,
And earth, and sea, with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves the oppressed, he breaks the power
And none shall find him false or vain.
- 3 The Lord opens eyes-light on the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking soul;
He leads the humble and the low;
He helps the stranger in his need;
The widow and the fatherless
And grants the prisoner release.

- 4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of guilt shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

H Y M N C L I I I.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise
Your hearts and voices in his praise:
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.
- 2 He form'd the stars, those heav'nly flames;
He counts their number, calls their names;
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep, where all our thoughts are drown'd!
- 3 Sing to the Lord; exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds around the sky;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.
- 4 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And cloaths the smiling fields with corn:
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.
- 5 What is the hunter's skill or force,
The sprightly man, or warlike horse?
The prowling wit, the active limb,
All are to man delights for him.
- 6 But saints are lovely in his sight,
He views his children with delight!
He sees their hope, he knows their fear;
And loves, and loves his large care.

PRAYER.

HYMN CLIV.

- 1 **H**OW do thy mercies clothe me round,
For ever be thy name ador'd !
I blush in all things to abound :
The servant is above his Lord !
- 2 Intr'd to poverty and pain,
A suff'ring life my Master led ;
The Son of God, the Son of Man,
He had not where to lay his head.
- 3 But lo ! a place he hath prepar'd
For me, when watchful angels keep ;
Yea, he himself becomes my guard ;
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.
- 4 Jesus protects ; my fears be gone :
What can the Rock of Ages move ?
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
Thy everlasting arms of love.
- 5 While thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who shall violate my rest ?
Sin, earth, and hell, I now defy ;
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.
- 6 I rest beneath th' Almighty's shade,
My griefs expire, my troubles cease ;
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is staid,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.
- 9 Me for thine own thou lov'st to take,
In time and in eternity :
Thou never, never wilt forsake
A helpless worm that trusts in thee.

HYMN CLV.

- 1 **T**HOU, my God, art good and wise,
And infinite in power :
Thou art all in earth and heav'n
Continually above !

PRAYER

Give me thy covering grace,
That I may constant prove,
Serve my Master all my days,
And my Redeemer love.

2 For my life, my clothes, and food,
And ev'ry comfort here,
Thou, my most indulgent God,
I thank with heart sincere;
For the blessings numberless
Which thou hast already giv'n,
For my smallest spark of grace,
And for my hope of heav'n.

3 Gracious God, my sin forgive,
And thy good Sp'rit impart,
Then I shall in thee believe
With all my loving heart.
Always unto Jesus look,
Him in heav'nly glory see,
Who my cause hath undertook,
And ever prays for me.

4 Grace in answer to this prayer,
And ev'ry grace bestow,
That I may with zealous care
Perform thy will below.
Rooted in humility,
Still in ev'ry state resign'd,
Plant, Almighty Lord, in me
A meek and lowly mind.

HYMN CXL

1 O GOD of all grace,
Thy goodness we praise,
Thy Son thou hast given to die in our place:
With joy we approve
The design of thy love,
'Tis a wonder on earth, and a wonder above.

- 2 Tongue cannot explain
The love of God-Man,
Which the angels desire to look into in vain ;
It dazzles our eyes,
Thought cannot arise
To find out a cause why the Infinite dies.
- 3 Or if pity incline'd
Him to die for mankind,
The ground of his pity what strength can find ?
He calls them above
Our guilt to remove ;
He hath lov'd, he hath lov'd us, because he would love.
- 4 Love mov'd him to die,
And on this we rely,
He hath lov'd, he hath lov'd us, we cannot tell why ;
But this we can tell,
He hath lov'd us so well
As to lay down his life to redeem us from hell.
- 5 He hath ransom'd our race,
O how shall we praise,
Or worthily sing thy unspeakable grace ?
Nothing else will we know,
In our journey below,
But singing thy grace, to thy paradise go.
- 6 Nay, and when we remove
To the glorious shore,
Our heaven shall still be to sing of thy love ;
When time is no more,
We still shall adore
The ocean of love, without bottom or shore.
- 7 Ere long we shall fly
To the regions on high,
For Israel's strength cannot vary or lie
His face shall appear,
He more than death, nigh,
Our Jesus is come, and eternity's here.

PRAISE.

HYMN CLVII.

- 1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men!
And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'n's our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

HYMN CLVIII.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blast,
Who, joyful in harmonious lays,
Employs our voices and our hearts.
- 2 Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
We thank and praise thy name,
By hymns of praise we love to be
Triumphant here and there.
- 3 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd,
By thy command, O Lord, we sing
Thy praises here and there.
- 4 He rises, who crucified has brought
What glad songs we sing,
"Turn ye from idols, the world from nought,
"Turn ye to me and live."

PRaise.

HYMN CLII.

- 1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound,
What pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.

CHORUS.

*Glor'y, honour, praise, and pow'r,
Be unto the Lamb for ever;
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer!
Hallelujah! praise the Lord.*

- 2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound. *Glor'y, &c.*
- 3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues. *Glor'y, &c.*

HYMN CLX.

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
Equal our thy wonders, Lord,
Eternal truth attests thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till thou shalt rise and sit no more.
- 2 Your lofty thrones, ye marshy king,
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name:
In ev'ry land begin the song;
To ev'ry land the praise belong;
In choired bands all voices raise,
And fill the world with sounding praise.

PRAISE.

HYMN CLXI.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne,
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus ;
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine ;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 The whole creation join in one,
To blefs the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN CLXII.

- 1 GLORY be to God on high,
God whose glory fills the sky :
Peace on earth to man forgiv'n,
Man, the well-belov'd of heav'n.
- 2 Sov'reign Father, heav'nly King,
Thee we now presume to sing,
Glad thine attributes confess,
Glorious all and numberless.
- 3 Hail, by all thy works ador'd ;
Hail, the everlasting Lord ;
Thee with thankful hearts we prove,
Lord of pow'r, and God of love !
- 4 Christ our Lord and God we own ;
Christ, the Father's only Son :
Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man.

PRAISE.

- 5 Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear the world's stonement thou :
Jesu, in thy name we pray,
Take, O take our sins away.
- 6 Powerful Advocats with God,
Justify us by thy blood !
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's stonement thou.
- 7 Hear, for thou, O Christ, alone,
With thy glorious Sire art one ;
One the Holy Ghost with thee,
One supreme, eternal Three.

HYMN CLXIII.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord, y' immortal quires
That fill the realms above ;
Praise him who form'd you of his fires,
And feeds you with his love.
- 2 Sing to his praise, ye crystal flocks,
The floor of his abode ;
Or veil in shades your thousand eyes,
Before your brighter God.
- 3 Thou radiant globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days,
Join with the silver queen of night,
To own your borrow'd rays.
- 4 Winds, ye shall bear his name aloud
Thro' the ethereal blue,
For when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheels of you.
- 5 Thunder and hail, and fire and storm,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful form,
And speak his awful hand.

PRAISE.

- 6 Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,
In your eternal roar;
Let wave to wave rebound his praise,
And shore reply to shore.
- 7 While monsters, sporting on the flood,
In scaly silver skins,
Speak terribly their Maker, God,
And lash the foaming brine.
- 8 But gentler things shall tune his name
To softer notes than these,
Young zephyrs breathing o'er the stream,
Or whisp'ring thro' the trees.
- 9 Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
To him that bids you grow;
Sweet clusters bend the fruitful vines
On ev'ry thankful bough.
- 10 Let the shrill birds his honours raise,
And climb the morning sky;
While grov'ling beasts attempt his praise
In hoarser harmony.
- 11 Thus, while the meaner creatures sing,
Ye mortals take the sound,
Echo the glories of your King
Thro' all the nations round.

HYMN CLXIV.

THE God of Abraham's faith,
Who reigns without a stain;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of Israel:
Jehovah, Great I Am!
By earth and heav'n's consent;
I bow and sing the sacred name,
For ever blest.

PRASE.

- 2 The God of Abrah'm praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise—and seek the joys
At his right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and pow'r;
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tow'r.
- 3 The God of Abrah'm praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all my ways:
He calls a worm his friend!
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end,
Thro' Jesu's blood!
- 4 He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend,
I shall, on eagle's wings up-borne,
To heav'n ascend:
I shall behold his face,
I shall his pow'r adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

HYMN CLXV.

- 1 MY Saviour, my almighty friend,
When I begin to praise,
Where will the praising numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?
- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore;
Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord,
That I may love thee more.

PRAISE

- 3 My feet shall swell all the length
Of the wheel'd road;
And march with courage in thy strength,
To see the Lord my God.
- 4 Awake, awake, my tuneful pow'r,
With this delightful song,
And entertain the darkest hour,
Nor think the season long.

HYMN CLXVI.

THIS, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend;
Whose love is as great as his pow'r,
And neither knows measure nor end.
'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

HYMN CLXVII.

- 1 LORD, how divine thy comforts are!
How heav'nly is the place
Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast
Of his redeeming grace!
- 2 There the rich treasures of our God,
And sweetest glories shine;
There Jesus says that I am his,
And my Redeem'd one.
- 3 Here (thou the Most redeeming Lord,
And thou his wonderful Son)
See here the spring of all your joys
That open'd when I was born.
- 4 O Father, and thou my heavenly heart,
And thou great Holy Spirit;
All this, O Father, I leave for thee,
And again I leave again.

PSALM

- 5 What shall we pay for heav'nly King
For good he's well as this?
He brings our pardon to our eyes,
And bids us widen life.
- 6 Let each smiling beam as death
Be dimmed all around;
Such beams are found again,
And worthy of a God.
- 7 To him that wash'd us in his blood
Be everlasting praise,
Salvation, honour, glory, pow'r,
Eternal as his days.

HYMN CXXVIII.

- 1 **WHEN** all the marches of my God
My rising soul surveys,
Why, my cold heart, art thou dumb?
In wonder, love, and praise?
- 2 Thy providence my life sustains,
And all my wants redress;
While in the blast I lay,
And hang upon the breath.
- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in prayer.
- 4 Unnumber'd wonders on my soul
Thy tender care perform'd,
Before my infant days were o'er,
From whom such goodness flows.
- 5 What is the glory of thy grace,
With thankful lips to praise
Thine own, O Lord, and ever
And led me up to grace.

PRIZE.

- 6 Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and death,
It gently clear'd my way,
And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.
- 7 Thro' ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.
- 8 Thro' all eternity to Thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

HYMN CLXIX.

- 1 **W**HENE'ER I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see;
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me.
- 2 Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God hath giv'n me more;
For I have food while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.
- 3 While some poor wretches scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head,
I have a house wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.
- 4 Art thou thy fellows day by day
To see above the rest?
Then be not like that man that they,
And say as they that rest.

HYMN CLXX.

Hilberte hath the Lord helped us, 1 SAM. vii. 12.

THOU' strait be the way, with dangers best,
And we thro' delays are no farther yet;
Our good guide and Saviour hath help'd thus far,
And 'tis by his favour we are what we are.

What creatures beside are favour'd like us;
Forgiv'n, supply'd, and banquetted thus,
By God our good Father, who gave us his Son,
And sent him to gather his children in one?

My brethren, reflect on what we have been,
How God had respect to us when in sin;
When lower and lower we every day fell,
He stretch'd forth his power, and snatch'd us from hell.

Then let us rejoice and cheerfully sing
With heart and with voice to Jesus our King;
Who thus far has brought us from evil to good,
The ransom that bought us, no less than his blood!

For blessings like these so bounteously giv'n,
For prospects of peace, and salvation of heav'n,
'Tis grateful, 'tis pleasant to sing and adore;
Be thankful for present, and then ask for more.

HYMN CLXXI.

O Thou God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin,
Mov'd to this by great compassion,
Yearning to save from death;
I will praise thee,
Where shall I thy praise begin?

16 TRUSTING in PROVIDENCE.

2 While the angel-quires are crying,
Glory to the great I AM!

I with them would still be vying
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

O how precious
Is the sound of Jesu's name,

3 Now I see, with joy and wonder,
Whence the healing streams arose,

Angel-minds are lost to ponder

Dying love's mysterious cause;

Yet the blessing

Down to all, to me it flows.

4 Tho' unseen I love the Saviour,

He almighty grace hath shown;

Pardon'd guilt and purchas'd favour;

This he makes to mortals known;

Give him glory,

Glory, glory is his own.

5 Angels now are hov'ring round us,

Unperceiv'd they mix the throng,

Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,

Glad to join the holy song:

Hallelujah,

Love and praise to Christ belong.

TRUSTING in PROVIDENCE.

H Y M N CLXXII.

PART THE FIRST.

1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs

And woes into his hands,

To his sure trust and tender care,

Who earth and heav'n commands;

Who points the clouds their course,

When winds and seas obey,

He shall direct thy wand'ring feet,

He shall prepare thy way.

- 2 Thou on the Lord rely,
 So safe shalt thou go on;
 Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
 So shall thy work be done;
 No profit canst thou gain
 By self-consuming care,
 To him commend thy cause, his ear
 Attends the softest pray'r.
- 3 Thine everlasting truth,
 Father, thy ceaseless love,
 Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
 What best for each will prove;
 And whatsoe'er thou wilt
 Thou dost, O King of kings;
 What thine unerring wisdom chose,
 Thy pow'r to being brings.
- 4 Thou ev'ry where hast way,
 And all things serve thy might,
 Thy ev'ry act, pure blessing is,
 Thy path unsully'd light:
 When thou arisest, Lord,
 What shall thy work withstand?
 When all thy children want, thou giv'st,
 Who, who shall stay thine hand?

HYMN CLXXIII.

PART THE SECOND.

- 1 **G**IVE to the winds thy fears,
 Hope, and be undismay'd,
 God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
 God shall lift up thy head;
 Thro' waves, and clouds, and storms,
 He gently clears the way:
 Wait thou his time, so shall this night
 Soon end in joyous day.

348 TRUSTING IN PROVIDENCE.

- 2 Still heavy is thy heart,
Still sink thy spirits down ;
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And ev'ry care be gone ;
What tho' thou rulest not,
Yet heav'n, and earth, and hell,
Proclaim God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.
- 3 Leave to his sov'reign sway
To choose and to command,
So shalt thou wond'ring own his way,
How wise, how strong his hand !
Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought,
That caus'd thy needless fear.
- 4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee ;
O lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee ;
Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

H Y M N CLXXIV.

- 1 GOD of my life, whose gracious pow'r
Thro' various deaths my soul hath led,
Or turn'd aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head !
- 2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see ;
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

TRUSTING IN PROVIDENCE.

249

- 3 Oft from the margin of the grave,
Thou, Lord, hast lifted up my head;
Sudden I found thee near to save;
The fever own'd thy touch, and fled.
- 4 Whither, O whither should I fly!—
But to my loving Saviour's breast;
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest?
- 5 I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O Christ! my wisdom art;
I ever into ruin run;
But thou art greater than my heart.
- 6 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heav'n may find,
The heav'n of loving thee alone.
- 7 Enlarge my heart to make thee room;
Enter, and in me ever stay;
The crooked then shall straight become;
The darkness shall be lost in day!

HYMN CLXXV.

JEHOVAH-JIREH, i. e. The Lord will provide,
GEN. xxii. 14.

- 1 **THO'** troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Tho' friends should all fail, and foes all unite;
Yet one thing secures us, whatever be our state,
The promise assures us, The Lord will provide.
- 2 The birds without barn and flocks without fold;
From them let us learn to trust for our food:
His saints what is fitting shall never be wanting,
So long as 'tis written, The Lord will provide.

170 TRUSTING IN PROVIDENCE.

- 3 We all may, like ships, by tempest be tost
On perilous deeps, but need not be lost;
Tho' Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
Yet scripture engages, The Lord will provide.
- 4 His call we obey, like Abrah'm of old;
We know not the way, but faith makes us bold;
For tho' we are strangers, we have a sure guide,
And trust in all dangers, The Lord will provide.
- 5 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us (tho' oft he has try'd)
The heart-cheering promise, The Lord will provide.
- 6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek, we ne'er shall obtain;
But when such suggestions our graces have try'd,
This answers all questions, The Lord will provide.
- 7 No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim,
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus's name;
In this our strong tower for safety we hide;
The Lord is our pow'r, The Lord will provide.
- 8 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us though,
Not fearing, or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, The Lord will provide.

H Y M N CLXXVI.

- 1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry globe I faint,
Or on the dizzy mountain pass,

TRUSTING & PROVIDENCE.

151

To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, fast and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.

4 Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Thro' devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

H Y M N CLXXVII.

1 **A**WAY, my unbelieving fear,
Fear shall in me no more have place;
My Saviour death not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face:
But shall I therefore let him go,
And bask'd the Tempter yield?
No, in the strength of Jesus, no,
I never will give up my shield.

2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The with'ring fig-tree drops and dies,
The fields elude their sower's toil,
The hungry still no hardy assault,
And perish all the blessing race,
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.

TRUSTING IN PROVIDENCE.

- 3 **B**arren although my soul remain,
 And no one bud of grace appear;
 No fruit of all my toil or pain,
 But sin, and only sin is here;
 Although my gifts and comforts lost,
 My blooming hopes cut off I see,
 Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
 And glory that he dy'd for me.
- 4 **I**n hope believing against hope,
 Jesus, my Lord, my God, I claim,
 Jesus, my strength, shall lift me up,
 Salvation is in Jesu's name:
 To me he soon shall bring it nigh,
 My soul shall then out-strip the wind,
 On wings of love mount up on high,
 And leave the world and sin behind.

HYMN CLXXVIII.

- 1 **I**F to Jesus for relief
 My soul has fled by pray'r;
 Why should I give way to grief,
 Or heart-consuming care?
 Are not all things in his hand?
 Has he not his promise past?
 Will he then regardless stand,
 And let me sink at last?
- 2 **W**hile I know his providence
 Disposes each event,
 Shall I judge by feeble sense,
 And yield to discontent?
 If he worms and sparrows feed,
 Cloath the grass in rich array;
 Can he see a child in need,
 And turn his eyes away?

- 3 When his name was quite unknown,
 And in my life employ'd,
 Then he watch'd me as his own,
 Or I had been destroy'd ;
 Now his mercy-seat I know,
 Now by grace am reconcil'd ;
 Would he spare me while a foe,
 To leave me when a child ?
- 4 If he all my wants supply'd
 When I disdain'd to pray ;
 Now his Spirit is my guide,
 How can he say me nay ;
 If he would not give me up
 When my soul against him fought,
 Will he disappoint the hope
 Which he himself has wrought ?
- 5 If he shed his precious blood
 To bring me to his fold,
 Can I think that meaner good
 He ever will withhold ?
 Satan, vain is thy device !
 Have my hope rests well assur'd,
 In that great redemption-price
 I see the whole secur'd.

HYMN CLXXIX.

- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform ;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines,
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up his bright designs,
 And works his sov'reign will.

194: TRUSTING IN PROVIDENCE.

- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

H Y M N CLXXX.

- 1 STILL for thy loving-kindness, Lord,
I in thy temple wait:
I look to find thee in thy word,
Or at thy table meet.
- 2 Here in thine own appointed ways
I wait to learn thy will:
Silent I stand before thy face,
And hear thee say, "Be still!"
- 3 "Be still, and know that I am God!"
'Tis all I live to know;
To feel the virtue of thy blood,
And spreads its praise below.
- 4 I wait my vigour to renew,
Thine image to retrieve:
The veil of outward things pass through,
And gaze in thee to live.

- 5 I work and own the labour vain;
And thus from works I cease:
I strive and see my fruitless pain,
Till God create my peace.
- 6 Fruitless, till thou thyself impart,
Must all my efforts prove:
They cannot change a sinful heart,
They cannot purchase love.
- 7 I do the thing thy laws enjoin,
And then the strife give o'er;
To thee I then the whole resign,
And trust in means no more.
- 8 I trust in him who stands between
The Father's wrath and me:
Jesu, thou great eternal Mean,
I look for all from thee.

HYMN CLXXXI.

PART THE FIRST.

- 1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through his eternal Son:
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the Strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.
- 2 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued,
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may overcome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

- 3 Stand then against your foes;
 In close and firm array,
 Legions of wily sinners oppose
 Throughout the evil day;
 But meet the sons of night,
 But mock their vain design,
 Arm'd in the arms of heav'nly light,
 Of righteousness divine.
- 4 Leave no unguarded place,
 No weakness of the soul;
 Take ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace,
 And fortify the whole;
 Indissolubly join'd,
 To battle all proceed;
 But arm yourselves with all the mind
 That was in Christ your Head.

HYMN CLXXXII.

PART THE SECOND.

- 1 BUT above all, lay hold
 On faith's victorious shield,
 Arm'd with that adamant and gold,
 You're sure to win the field;
 If faith surround your heart,
 Satan shall be subdued;
 Repell'd his ev'ry fiery dart,
 And quench'd with Jesu's blood.
- 2 Jesus hath dy'd for you!
 What can his love withstand?
 Believe! hold fast your shield, and who
 Shall pluck you from his hand?
 Believe that Jesus reigns,
 All power to him is giv'n;
 Believe, all sinners from sin's realm,
 Believe yourselves to heav'n!

TRUSTING in PROVIDENCE. 157

- 3 To keep your armour bright,
Attend with constant care;
Still walking in your Captain's fight,
And watching unto pray'r.
Ready for all alarms,
Stedfastly set your face;
And always exercise your arms,
And use your every grace.
- 4 Pray, without ceasing pray,
(Your Captain gives the word)
His summons cheerfully obey,
And call upon the Lord:
To God your every want
Instant in pray'r display;
Pray, always pray and never faint;
Pray, without ceasing pray.

H Y M N CLXXXIII.

Seek ye the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added, LUKE xii. 31.

- 1 PEACE, troubled soul, thou need'st not fear,
Thy great Provider still is near;
Who fed thee last will feed thee still,
Be calm, and sink into his will.
- 2 The Lord, who built the earth and sky,
In mercy stoops to hear thy cry;
His promise all may freely claim,
"Ask and receive in Jesu's name."
- 3 His stores are open all and free
To such as truly upright be;
Water and bread he'll give for food,
With all things else which be his good.
- 4 Your sacred hairs which are so small,
By God himself are number'd all;
This truth he's publish'd all around,
That men may learn to trust the Lord.

- 5 The ravens daily he doth feed,
And sends them food as they have need,
Altho' they nothing have in store,
Yet as they lack he gives them more.
- 6 Then do not seek with anxious care,
What ye shall eat, or drink, or wear :
Your heav'nly Father will you feed,
He knows that all these things you need.
- 7 Without reserve, give Christ your heart ;
Let him his righteousness impart ;
Then all things else he'll freely give,
With him you all things shall receive.
- 8 Thus shall the soul be truly blest
That seeks in God his only rest ;
May I that happy person be,
In time, and in eternity !

SUFFERING.
HYMN CLXXXIV.

- 1 COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel ;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears
To that celestial hill,
- 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space
Look forward to that heav'nly place,
The saints' secure abode :
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.
- 3 Who suffer with your master here,
We must before his face appear,
And by his side sit down.

SUFFERING.

359

To patient faith the prize is sure,
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice, blessed bliss, inspiring hope;
It lifts the fainting spirits up;
It brings to life the dead!
Our conflicts here shall soon be past;
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

5 That great mysterious Deity
We soon with open face shall see;
The beatific sight
Shall fill heav'n's sounding courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.

6 The Father shining on his throne,
The glorious co-eternal Son,
The Spirit, one and seven,
Conspire our rapture to complete;
And lo! we fall before his feet,
And silence heightens heav'n.

7 In hope of that extatic pause,
Jesu, we now sustain thy cross,
And at thy footstool fall,
Till thou our hidden life reveal,
Till thou our ravish'd spirits fill,
And God is all in all.

HYMN CLXXXV.

CAST on the fidelity
Of my redeeming Lord,
I shall his salvation see,
According to his word;

SUFFERING.

Credence to his word I give,
My Saviour in distresses past-
Will not now his servant leave,
But bring me through at last.

2 Better than my boding fears
To me thou oft hast prov'd ;
Oft observ'd my silent tears,
And challeng'd thy belov'd :
Mercy to my rescue flew,
And death ungrasp'd his fainting prey ;
Pain before thy face withdrew,
And sorrow fled away.

3 Now as yesterday the same,
In all my troubles nigh,
Jesus, on thy word and name
I steadfastly rely :
Sure as now the grief I feel,
The promis'd joy I soon shall have ;
Sav'd again, to sinners tell
Thy pow'r and will to save.

4 To thy blessed will resign'd,
'And stay'd on that alone,
I thy perfect strength shall find,
Thy faithful mercies own ;
Compass'd round with songs of praise,
My All to my Redeemer give,
Spread thy miracles of grace,
And for thy glory live.

H Y M N CLXXXVI.

1 FATHER, in the name I pray
Of thy incarnate Love,
Humbly ask, that as my day
My sufferings strength may prove :
When my sorrows most increase,
Let thy strongest joys begin ;
Jesus, come with my distress,
And agony is heav'n.

- 2 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 For good remember me !
 Me, whom thou hast caus'd to trul.
 For more than life on thee:
 With me in the fire remain,
 Till like burnish'd gold I shine,
 Meet through consecrated pain,
 To see thy face divine.

HYMN CLXXXVII.

- 1 **T**HOU Lamb of God, thou Prince of Peace,
 For thee my thirsty soul doth pine !
 My longing heart implores thy grace,
 O make me in thy likeness shine !
- 2 With fraudless, even, humble mind,
 Thy will in all things may I see ;
 In love be ev'ry wish resign'd,
 And hallow'd my whole heart to thee.
- 3 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
 With lamb-like patience arm my breast ;
 When grief my wounded soul assails,
 In lowly meekness may I rest.
- 4 Close by thy side still may I keep,
 Howe'er life's various current flow ;
 With steadfast eye mark ev'ry step,
 And follow thee where'er thou go.
- 5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won ;
 Alone thou hast the wine-press trod :
 In me thy strength'ning grace be shown,
 O may I conquer through thy blood !
- 6 So when on Sion thou shalt stand,
 And all heav'n's host adore their king,
 Shall I be found at thy right-hand,
 And free from pain thy glories sing.

HYMN CLXXXVIII.

- 1 **A**ND let this feeble body fail,
 And let it faint or die;
 My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
 And soar to worlds on high:
 Shall join the disembodied saints,
 And find its long-sought rest,
 That only bliss for which it pants,
 In the Redeemer's breast.
- 2 In hope of that immortal crown,
 I now the cross sustain,
 And gladly wander up and down,
 And smile at toil and pain:
 I suffer on my threescore years,
 Till my Deliverer come;
 And wipe away his servant's tears,
 And take his exile home.
- 3 O what hath Jesus brought for me!
 Before my ravish'd eyes
 Rivers of life divine I see,
 And trees of paradise:
 I see a world of spirits bright,
 Who taste the pleasures there!
 They all are rob'd in spotless white,
 And conqu'ring palms they bear.
- 4 O, what are all my suff'rings here,
 If, Lord, thou count me meet
 With that unnumber'd host t' appear,
 And worship at thy feet!
 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
 Take life or friends away;
 But let me find them all again
 In that eternal day.

SUFFERING.

165

HYMN CLXXXIX.

- 1 **H**APPY soul, thy days are ended ;
All thy mourning days below ;
Go by angel-guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus go.
- 2 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo ! the Saviour stands above,
Shews the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.
- 3 Struggle through thy latest passion,
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest.
- 4 For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain ;
Die, to live a life of glory,
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

HYMN CXC.

- 1 **H**HEAD of the church triumphant,
We joyfully adore thee,
Till thou appear
Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory.
We lift our hearts and voices,
With least anticipation ;
And cry aloud,
And give to God
The praise of our salvation.
- 2 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise,
Which knows no day,
And ever brings us nigher.

SUFFERING.

We clap our hands, exulting
 In thine almighty favour ;
 The love divine,
 Which made us thine,
 Shall keep us thine for ever.

3 Thou dost conduct thy people
 Through torrents of temptation ;
 Nor will we fear,
 While thou art near,
 The fire of tribulation :
 The world with sin and Satan,
 In vain our march opposes ;
 By thee we shall
 Break thro' them all,
 And sing the song of Moses.

4 By faith we see the glory
 To which thou shalt restore us,
 The cross despise
 For that high prize
 Which thou hast set before us :
 And if thou count us worthy,
 We each, as dying Stephen,
 Shall see thee stand
 At God's right-hand,
 To take us up to heaven.

HYMN CXCL.

1 LORD, I adore thy gracious will,
 Thro' ev'ry instrument of ill
 My Father's goodness see :
 Accept the complicated wrong
 Of Shimei's hand and Shimei's tongue,
 As kind rebukes from thee.

HYMN CXCIL.

- 1 JESU, the weary wand'rer's rest,
Give me thy easy yoke to bear;
With stedfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love, and lowly fear.
- 2 Thankful I take the cup from thee,
Prepar'd and mingled by thy skill,
Tho' bitter to the taste it be,
Pow'ful the wounded soul to heal.
- 3 Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh!
So shall each murmur'ing thought be gone;
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly
As clouds before the mid-day sun.
- 4 Speak to my warring passions, "Peace;"
Say to my trembling heart, "Be still;"
Thy pow'r my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve thy sov'reign will.
- 5 O death! where is thy sting? where now
Thy boasted victory, O grave?
Who shall contend with God? or who
Can hurt, whom God delights to save?

HYMN CXCIIL.

- 1 WHY should I doubt his love at last,
With anxious thoughts perplex'd?
Who sav'd me in the troubles past,
Will save me in the next.
- 2 Will save, till at my latest hour
With more than conquest won,
I fear beyond redemption's pow'r
To my Redeemer's breast.

HYMN CXCV.

- 1 **A**H ! lovely appearance of death,
 What sight upon earth is so fair ?
 Not all the gay pageants that breathe,
 Can with a dead body compare :
 With solemn delight I survey
 The corpse when the spirit is fled,
 In love with the beautiful clay,
 And longing to lie in his stead.
- 2 How blest is our brother, bereft
 Of all that could burden his mind ;
 How easy the soul that has left
 This wearisome body behind !
 Of evil incapable thou,
 Whose relics with envy I see,
 No longer in misery now,
 No longer a sinner like me.
- 3 This earth is affected no more
 With sickness, or shaken with pain :
 The war in the members is o'er,
 And never shall vex him again :
 No anger henceforward, or shame,
 Shall redden this innocent clay ;
 Extinct is the animal flame,
 And passion is vanish'd away.
- 4 This languishing head is at rest,
 Its thinking and aching are o'er ;
 This quiet inextinguishable breast
 Is hush'd by affliction no more :
 This heart is no longer the seat
 Of greediness and torturing pain ;
 It never shall flutter and beat,
 It never shall flutter again.

- 5 The lids he so seldom could close,
 By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
 Seal'd up in eternal repose,
 Have strangely forgotten to weep;
 The fountains can yield no supplies;
 These hollows from water are free;
 The tears are all wip'd from these eyes,
 And evil they never shall see.
- 6 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
 While bound in a prison I breathe,
 And still for deliverance pine,
 And press to the issues of death:
 What now with my tears I bedew,
 O might I this moment become!
 My spirit created anew,
 My flesh be consign'd to the tomb!

H Y M N C X C V.

- 1 REJOICE for a brother deceased,
 Our loss is his infinite gain;
 A soul out of prison releas'd,
 And freed from its bodily chain;
 With songs let us follow his flight,
 And mount with his spirit above,
 Escap'd to the mansions of light,
 And lodg'd in the Eden of love.
- 2 Our brother the haven hath gain'd,
 Out-flying the tempest and wind;
 His rest he hath sooner obtain'd,
 And left his companions behind;
 Still tost on a sea of distress,
 Hard toiling to reach the blissful shore,
 Where all is assurance and peace,
 And sorrow and sin are no more.

- 3 There all the ship's company meet,
 Who sail'd with the Saviour beneath,
 With shouting each other they greet,
 And triumph o'er trouble and death :
 The voyage of life's at an end,
 The mortal affliction is past,
 The age, that in heaven thy spend,
 For ever and ever shall last.

HYMN CXCVI.

- 1 'TIS finish'd, 'tis done !
 The spirit is fled,
 The pris'ner is gone,
 The christian is dead ;
 The christian is living
 Thro' Jesus's love,
 And gladly receiving
 A kingdom above.
- 2 All honour and praise
 Are Jesus's due :
 Supported by grace,
 He fought his way through ;
 Triumphantly glorious,
 Through Jesus's seal,
 And more than victorious
 O'er death, sin, and hell.
- 3 Then let us record
 The conquering name,
 Our Captain and Lord
 With shouting proclaim :
 Who trust in his passion,
 And follow our Head,
 To obtain salvation
 We all shall be led.

- 4 O Jesus ! lead on
 Thy militant care,
 And give us the crown
 Of righteousness there ;
 Where daisied with glory
 The Seraphim gaze,
 Or prostrate adore thee
 In silence of praise.
- 5 Come, Lord, and display
 Thy sign in the sky,
 And bear us away
 To mansions on high :
 The kingdom be given,
 The purchase divine,
 And crown us in heaven
 Eternally thine.

H Y M N CXCVII.

- 1 HOSANNAH to Jesus on high !
 Another is enter'd the rest,
 Another is 'scap'd to the sky,
 And lodg'd in Immanuel's breast :
 The soul of our sister is gone
 To heighten the triumph above,
 Exalted to Jesus's throne,
 And clasp'd in the arms of his love.
- 2 What fulcra of rapture is there,
 While Jesus his glory displays,
 And purples the heavenly air,
 And scatters the odours of grace ?
 He looks—and his servants in sight
 The blessing ineffable wait :
 He smiles—and they faint at the sight,
 And fall overwhelm'd at his feet.

FUNERAL.

- 3 How happy the angels that fall
Transported at Jesus's name;
The saints whom he soonest shall call,
To share in the feast of the Lamb!
No longer imprison'd in clay,
Who next from his dungeon shall fly,
Who first shall be summon'd away—
My merciful God—is it I?
- 4 O Jesus, if this be thy will,
That suddenly I should depart,
Thy counsel of mercy reveal,
And whisper the call to my heart;
O give me a signal to know,
If soon thou wouldst have me remove,
And leave the dull body below,
And fly to the regions of love.

HYMN CXCVIII.

- 1 **H**APPY who in Jesus live,
But happier still are they
Who to God their spirits give,
And 'scape from earth away:
Lord, thou read'st the panting heart,
Lord, thou hear'st the praying sigh,
O 'tis bitter to depart;
'Tis better far to die.
- 2 Yet if so thy will ordain
For our companions' good,
Let us in the flesh remain,
And meekly bear the load.
When we have our grief fill'd up,
When we all our works have done,
Late partakers of our hope,
And sharers of thy throne.

For PERSONS joined in FELLOWSHIP.

- 3 To thy wife and gracious will
We quietly submit,
Waiting for redemption still,
But waiting at thy feet :
When thou wilt the blessing give,
Call us up thy face to see,
Only let thy servants live,
And let us die to thee,

For PERSONS joined in FELLOWSHIP.

H Y M N CXCIX.

- 1 SEE, Jesu, thy disciples see,
The promis'd blessing give ;
Met in thy name, we look to thee,
Expecting to receive.
- 2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in thy name are join'd :
We wait according to thy word,
Thee in the midst to find.
- 3 With us thou art assembled here,
But O thyself reveal !
Son of the living God appear,
Let us thy presence feel.
- 4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
And these dry bones shall live :
Speak peace into our hearts, and say,
" The Holy Ghost receive ! "
- 5 Whom now we seek, O may we meet,
Jesus the crucify'd !
Show us thy bleeding hands and feet,
Thou who for us hast dy'd !

172 For PERSONS joined in FELLOWSHIP.

- 6 Cause us the record to receive,
Speak, and the token shew;
" Oh ! be not faithless, but believe
" In me, who dy'd for you !"

H Y M N C C.

- 1 TWO are better far than one
For counsel or for fight ;
How can one be warm alone,
Or serve his God aright ?
Join we then our hearts and hands,
Each to love provoke his friend ;
Run the way of his commands,
And keep it to the end.
- 2 Woe to him whose spirits droop,
To him who falls alone ;
He has none to lift him up,
To help his weakness on ;
Happier we each other keep,
We each other's burdens bear ;
Never need our footsteps slip,
Upheld by mutual pray'r.
- 3 Who of twain has made us one,
Maintain our unity ;
Jesus is the corner-stone,
In whom we all agree :
Servants of one common Lord,
Sweatly of one heart and mind ;
Who can break a threefold cord,
Or part whom God hath join'd ?
- 4 O that all with us might prove
The fellowship of saints,
Find supply'd in Jesu's love,
What every member wants.

For PERSONS joined in FELLOWSHIP. 173

Grasp we our high calling's prize;
Feel our sins on earth forgiv'n!
Rise, in his whole image rise,
And meet our Head in heav'n!

H Y M N CCL

1 COME away to the skies,
My beloved arise,
And rejoice in the day thou wast born;
On this festival day
Come exulting away,
And with singing to Sion return.

2 We have laid up our love
And treasure above,
Tho' our bodies continue below:
The redeem'd of the Lord,
We remember his word,
And with singing to paradise go.

3 With singing we praise
The original grace
By our heavenly Father bestow'd:
Our being receive
From his bounty, and live
To the honour and glory of God.

4 For thy glory we are
Created to share
Both the nature and kingdom divine:
Created again,
That our souls may remain
In time and eternity thine.

5 With thanks we approve
The design of thy love,
Which has join'd us in Jesus's name;

174 For PERSONS joined in FELLOWSHIP.

So united in heart
That we never can part,
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb,
6 There, there, at his feet
We shall suddenly meet,
And be parted in body no more !
We shall sing to our lyres,
With the heavenly choirs,
And our Saviour in glory adore.
7 Hallelujah we sing
To our Father and King,
And his rapturous praises repeat :
To the Lamb that was slain
Hallelujah again,
Sing all heaven and fall at his feet !
8 In assurance of hope
We to Jesus look up,
Till his banner unfurl'd in the air
From our graves we shall see,
And cry out, " It is he,"
And fly up to acknowledge him there.

H Y M N CCIL.

1 COME all, whos'er have set
Your faces Son-ward,
In Jesus let us meet,
And praise our common Lord ;
In Jesus let us still go on,
Till all appear before his throne.
2 Never and never still
We to our country come,
To that earthly hill,
The weary pilgrim's home,
The place of transient shade,
The seat of everlasting love.

3 The ransom'd sons of God,
All earthly things we scorn,
And to our high abode
With songs of praise return;
From strength to strength we still proceed
With crowns of joy upon our head.

4 The peace of joy and faith
Each moment may we feel;
Redeem'd from sin and wrath,
From earth, and death, and hell,
We to our Father's house repair,
To meet our Elder Brother there.

5 Our Brother, Saviour, Head,
Our All in all is he;
And in his steps who tread,
We soon his face shall see;
Shall see him with our glorious friends,
And then in heav'n our journey ends.

H Y M N CCIII.

1 COME, let us now
Our journey pursue,
With vigour arise,
And press to our permanent place in the skies:
Of heavenly birth,
Tho' wand'ring on earth,
This is not our place,
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we consist.

2 At Jesus's call
We gave up our all:
And still we forget,
For Jesus's sake, our engagements below:
No longing we have
For the country below,
But onward we press,
And still we are seeking a country above.

3 A country of joy
Without any alloy,
We thither repair,
Our heart and our treasure already are there.
We march hand in hand
To israhel's land;
No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth, for eternity's near!

4 The rougher our way,
The shorter our stay;
The tempests that rise
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies:
The fiercer the blast,
The sooner 'tis past:
The troubles that come,
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.

H Y M N CCIV.

1 COME, let us ascend,
My companion and friend,
To a taste of the banquet above!
If thy heart be as mine,
If for Jesus it pine,
Come up into the chariot of love.

2 Who in Jesus confide,
We are led to abide
The storm of affliction beneath!
With the prophet we soar
To the heavenly shore,
And outfly all the arrows of death.

3 By faith we are come
To our permanent home:
By love we the radiant improve:
By love we the crown do receive,
And thus shine on the sinner,
For the kingdom of heaven is love.

4 Who on earth can conceive
How happy we live
In the palace of God, the great King?
What a concert of praise,
When our Jesus's grace
The whole heavenly company sing?

5 What a rapturous song,
When thus glorify'd throng
In the spirit of harmony join?
Join all the glad choir,
Hearts, voices, and lyres,
And the burden is mercy divine.

6 Hallelujah they cry
To the King of the sky,
To the great everlasting I AM;
To the Lamb that was slain,
And liveth again,
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb.

7 The Lamb on the throne,
Lo! he dwells with his own,
And to rivers of pleasure he leads:
With his mercy's full blaze,
With the light of his face,
Our beautify'd spirits he feeds.

8 Our foreheads proclaim
His heavenly name:
Our bodies his glory display:
A day without night
We feast in his light,
And eternity flows as a day!

HYMN CCV.

1 JESU, great Shepherd of the sheep,
To thee for help we cry:
Thy little flock in danger keep!
For O the wolf is nigh!

178 For PERSONS joined in FELLOWSHIP,

- 2 He comes of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay :
He seizes every straggling soul,
As his own lawful prey.
- 3 Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thy arm !
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.
- 4 We laugh to scorn his cruel pow'r,
While by our Shepherd's side :
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.
- 5 O do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree !
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee !
- 6 Together let us sweetly live !
Together let us die !
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

H Y M N CCVI.

- 1 TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of ev'ry sinful heart ;
What'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart !
- 2 When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless ;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.
- 3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear :
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And long his brother's care.

- 4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.
- 5 Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.
- 6 Then when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride;
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctify'd.

H Y M N CCVII.

- 1 JESU, united by thy grace,
And each to each endear'd,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our pray'r is heard:
- 2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine easy yoke,
A band of love, a three-fold cord,
Which never can be broke.
- 3 Make us into one spirit drink;
Baptize into thy name;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak the same.
- 4 Touch'd by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree;
And ever tow'rds each other move,
And ever move tow'rds thee.
- 5 To thee inseparably join'd
Let all our spirits cleave;
O may we all the loving mind
That was in thee receive!

- 6 This is the bond of perfectness,
Thy spotless charity;
O let us still, we pray, possess
The mind that was in thee!
- 7 Grant this, and then from all below
Insensibly remove;
Our souls their change shall scarcely know,
Made perfect first in love.
- 8 With ease our souls thro' death shall glide
Into their paradise;
And thence on wings of angels ride
Triumphant thro' the skies.
- 9 Yet when the fullest joy is giv'n,
The same delight we prove,
In earth, in paradise, in heav'n,
Our All in All is love.

H Y M N CCVIII.

- 1 **FATHER** of our dying Lord,
Remember us for good,
O fulfil his faithful word,
And hear his speaking blood!
Give us that for which he prays;
Father, glorify thy Son;
Shew his truth, and pow'r, and grace,
And send the Promise down.
- 2 True and faithful Witness, thou,
O Christ, the Spirit give!
Hast thou not receiv'd him now,
That we might now receive?
Art thou not our living Head?
Life to all thy limbs impart:
Shed thy love, thy Spirit shed
In every waiting heart.

- 3 Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
The gift of Jesus, send;
Glow on our hearts to find thee near,
And furnish us with thee to cheer;
Present with us that we may
Come, O come, and in us be!
With us, in us, live and dwell
To all eternity.

H Y M N C C I I.

- 1 JESU, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Shew thyself the Prince of Peace;
Bid our jars for ever cease.
- 2 By thy reconciling love,
Ev'ry stumbling-block remove,
Each to each unite, unite,
Come and spread thy banner here!
- 3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.
- 4 Let us each for other care,
Each the other's burden bear;
To thy church the pattern give,
Shew how true believers live.
- 5 Free from anger and from guile,
Let us trust in God awhile;
All the depths of love explore,
All the heights of glory soar.
- 6 Let us drink with joy and cheer
To the Father's name;
On the wings of angels fly,
Shew how true believers live.

HYMN CCL

- 1 **THOU** God of truth and love,
We seek thy perfect way,
Ready thy duties to approve,
Thy Providence we obey,
Enter into thy will design,
And surely let our will in thine.
- 2 Why hast thou cast our lot
In the same age and place?
And why together brought
To see each other's face;
To join with solemn sympathy,
And mix our friendly souls in thee?
- 3 Didst thou not make us one,
That we might one remain,
Together travel on,
And bear each other's pain,
Till all thy sweet goodness prove,
And rise renew'd in perfect love?
- 4 Surely thou didst make
Our kindred spirits here,
That all hereafter might
Before thy throne appear;
Meet at the marriage of the Lamb,
And all thy glorious love proclaim.
- 5 Then let us ever bear
The blessed end in view,
And join with mutual care,
To fight our passage through;
And kindly help each other on,
Till all receive the glory crown.
- 6 O may thy Spirit lead
Our souls unto that day!
With all thy blessed will,
And then part hence away!
Away to our eternal rest,
Away to our Father's blissful breast!

H Y M N C C X I,

PART THE FIRST.

- 1 COME, and let us sweetly join,
Christ to praise in hymns divine !
Give we all, with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord,
Hands, and hearts, and voices raise :
Sing as in the ancient days ;
Anticipate the joys above,
Celebrate the feast of love.
- 2 Strive we, in affliction strive :
Let the pure flames revive ;
Such as in the martyrs glow'd,
Dying champions for their God ;
We like them may live and love ;
Call'd we up their joys to prove ;
Sav'd with them from future wrath ;
Partners of like precious faith.
- 3 Sing we then in Jesus's name,
Now as yesterday the same ;
One in ev'ry time and place,
Fell for all of truth and grace :
We for Christ our Master stand,
Lights in a brighten'd land ;
We our Dying Lord confess ;
We are Jesus's witnesses.
- 4 Witnesses that Christ hath dy'd ;
We with him are crucify'd ;
Christ hath burst the bands of death ;
We his quick'ning Spirit breathe ;
Christ is now gone up on high ;
Thither all our wishes fly ;
Sits at God's right-hand above ;
There with him we reign in love.

H Y M N CCXII.

PART THE SECOND.

- 1 COME, thou high and lofty Lord ;
 Lowly, meek, incarnate word ;
 Humbly stoop to earth again ;
 Come, and visit abject man !
 Jesu, dear expected guest,
 Thou art bidden to the feast :
 For thyself our hearts prepare !
 Come, and sit, and banquet there,
- 2 Jesu, we thy promise claim ;
 We are met in thy great name ;
 In the midst do thou appear,
 Manifest thy presence here ;
 Sanctify us, Lord, and bless,
 Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace :
 Thou thyself within us move ;
 Make our feast a feast of love.
- 3 Let the fruits of grace abound ;
 Let in us thy bowels sound ;
 Faith, and love, and joy increase ;
 Temperance and gentleness ;
 Plant in us thy humble mind,
 Patient, pitiful, and kind :
 Meek and lowly let us be,
 Full of goodness, full of thee.
- 4 Make us all in thee complete ;
 Make us all for glory meet ;
 Meet t' appear before thy sight,
 Partners with the saints in light ;
 Call, O call us each by name,
 To the marriage of the Lamb :
 Let us sing upon thy feast !
 Join to thee our golden feast !

H Y M N CCXIII.

- 1 COME let us with the grace divine,
And all with one accord
In a perpetual cov'nant join
Ourselves to Christ the Lord.
- 2 Give up ourselves, thro' Jesu's pow'r,
His name to glorify,
And promise in this sacred hour
For God to live and die.
- 3 The cov'nant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind :
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.
- 4 We never will throw off his fear,
Who hears our solemn vow :
And if thou art well pleas'd to hear,
Come down and spend us now.
- 5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let all our hearts receive !
Present with the celestial host,
The peaceful answer give !
- 6 To each the cov'nant-blood apply,
Which takes our sins away ;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day.

H Y M N CCXIV.

ON ADMITTING A NEW MEMBER.

- 1 BROTHER in Christ, and well-belov'd,
To Jesus and his servants dear,
Enter, and show thyself approv'd ;
Enter, and find that God is here.

126 *For PERSONS joined in FELLOWSHIP.*

- 2 'Scap'd from the world, redeem'd from sin,
By fiends pursu'd, by men abhorr'd,
Come in, poor fugitive come in,
And share the portion of thy Lord.
- 3 Welcome from earth!—lo, the right hand
Of fellowship to thee we give!
With open arms and hearts we stand,
And thee in Jesu's name receive.
- 4 Say, is thy heart resolv'd as ours?
Then let it burn with sacred love;
Then let it taste the heav'nly pow'rs;
Partaker of the joys above.
- 5 Jesu, attend, thyself reveal!
Are we not met in thy great name?
Thee in the midst we wait to feel,
We wait to catch the spreading flame.
- 6 Thou God, that answerest by fire,
The Spirit of burning now impart,
And let the flames of pure desire
Rise from the altar of our heart.
- 7 Truly our fellowship below
With thee and with the Father is:
In thee eternal life we know,
And heaven's unutterable bliss.
- 8 In part we only know thee here,
But wait thy coming from above,
And I shall then behold thee near,
And I shall all be left in love.

H Y M N C C X V.

ON VISITING A FRIEND.

- 1 **PEACE** be on this happy postow'd,
Peace on all that here reside;
By the unknown-peace of God
With the man of peace abide.

FOR PERSONS joined in FELLOWSHIP. 181

- Let the Spirit now come down;
Let the blessings now take place;
Son of peace, receive thy crown,
Fulness of the gospel-grace.
- 3 Christ, my Master and my Lord,
Let me thy forerunner be;
O be mindful of thy word,
Visit them, and visit me!
To this house, and all herein
Now let thy salvation come!
Save our souls from inbred sin:
Make us thy eternal home!
- 3 Let us never, never rest,
Till the promise is fulfill'd;
Till we are of thee possess'd,
Pardon'd, sanctify'd, and seal'd!
Till we all, in love renew'd,
Find the pearl that Adam lost,
Temples of the living God,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

H Y M N CCXVI.

PARTING.

- 1 BLESSED be the dear uniting love
That will not let us part!
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.
- 2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.
- 3 O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside,
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucify'd!

176 For PERSONS joined in FELLOWSHIP.

- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his belov'd embrace ;
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.
- 5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.
- 6 But let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore ;
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more !

H Y M N CCKVII.

- 1 JESUS, accept the praise
That to thy name belongs ;
Matter of all our lays,
Subject of all our songs :
Through thee we now together came,
And part creating in thy name.
- 2 In flesh we part awhile,
But still in spirit join'd,
T' embrace the happy toil
Thou hast to each assign'd :
And while we do thy blessed will,
We bear our heav'n about us still.
- 3 O let us thus go on
In all thy pleasant ways,
And arm'd with patience, run
With joy th' appointed race !
Keep us and every seeking soul,
Till all attain the heavenly goal.
- 4 There we shall meet again,
When all our toils are o'er,
And death, and grief, and pain,
And parting are no more.

STRIFE IN HEAVEN. 183

We shall with all our brethren rise,
And grasp thee in the flaming fire.

5 O happy, happy day,
That calls thy exiles home!
The heav'n's shall pass away;
The earth receive its doom:
Earth we shall view and heav'n destroy'd,
And shout above the fiery void!

6 Then let us wait the sound
That shall our souls release,
And labour to be found
Of him in spotless peace;
In perfect holiness renew'd,
Adorn'd with Christ, and meet for God!

HYMN CCXVIII.

STRIFE IN HEAVEN.

- 1 [IN Heaven's courts a question rose,
Which caus'd a strife that ne'er shall close;
Which rank of all this ransom'd race,
Owes highest praise to lov'reign grace?
- 2 Infants here caught from womb and breast,
Claim right to sing above the rest;
As finding soon the happy shore
They never saw nor sought before.
- 3 Others, arriv'd at riper age,
Before they left the earthly stage,
Think grace deserves yet higher praise,
That wash'd the spots of numerous days.
- 4 'Tis I, says one, Love all my race,
Am debtor most to glorious grace;
The chief of sinners, you'll allow,
Should be the chief of singers now.

A DIALOGUE.

- 5 A second cries, The claim forbear,
Lo ! I'm the greatest wonder here ;
For I, of all the race that fell,
Deserve the lowest place in hell !
- 6 Another rises by his side,
As fend to praise, and free of pride,
Cries, All give place, for I defy
You all should owe such thanks as I.
- 7 What, will no rival finger yield
He hath an equal in the field ?
Come then, and let us all agree
To praise upon the highest key.

A DIALOGUE.

HYMN CCKIX.

MEN.

TELL us, O women, we would know
Whither ye fast ye move ?

WOMEN.

We, call'd to leave the world below,
Are seeking one above.

MEN.

Whence come ye, say, and what the place
That ye are now living from ?

WOMEN.

From tribulation—we, through grace,
Are now returning home.

MEN.

Is not your native dwelling here ?
Like you not this shade ?

WOMEN.

We seek a better country far,
A city built by God.

MAN.
Thither we travel, nor intend
Short of that bliss to rest;

WOMAN.
Nor we, till in the Sinner's Friend
Our weary souls are blest.

CHORUS.
Friends of the Bridegroom we shall reign;
Saviour, we wait no more:

*Hail! Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Whom heav'n and earth adore.*

BIRTH-DAY.

HYMN CCKX.

1 **G**OD of my life, to thee
My cheerful soul I raise;
Thy goodness bade me live,
And still prolongs my days:
I see my natal hour return,
And bless the day that I was born.

2 A clod of living earth,
I glorify thy name,
From whom alone my birth
And all my blessings came:
Creating and preserving grace
Let all that is within me praise.

3 Long as I live beneath,
To thee, O let me live;
To thee my every breath
In thanks and praise give!
Whatever I have, whatever I am,
Shall ungrudgingly my Maker's name.

- 4 My soul and all its pow'r,
Thine, wholly, thine shall be;
All, all my happy hours
I consecrate to thee:
Me to thine image now restore,
And I shall praise thee evermore.
- 5 I wait thy will to do,
As angels do in heav'n;
In Christ a creature now,
Eternally forgiv'n:
I wait thy perfect will to prove,
All sanctify'd by sinless love.
- 6 Then when the work is done,
The work of faith with pow'r,
Receive thy favour'd son -
In death's triumphant hour;
Like Moses to thyself convey,
And kiss my raptur'd soul away.

HYMN CCXXI.

- 1 **A**WAY with our fears,
The glad morning appears,
When an heir of salvation was born!
From Jehovah I came,
For his glory I am,
And to him I with singing return.
- 2 Thee, Jesus, alone,
The fountain I own
Of my life and felicity here;
And cheerfully sing
My Redeemer and King,
Till his signs in the heavens appear.
- 3 With thanks I rejoice
In thy fatherly choice
Of my state and condition below:

BIRTH-DAY.

193

If of parents I came
Who honour'd thy name,

'Twas thy wisdom appointed it so.

4 I sing of thy grace
From my earliest days,
Ever near to allure and defend;
Hitherto thou hast been
My preserver from sin,
And I trust thou wilt save to the end.

5 O the infinite cares
And temptations and snares
Thy hand hath conducted me through!
O the blessings bestow'd
By a bountiful God,
And the mercies eternally new!

6 What a mercy is this,
What a heaven of bliss,
How unspeakably happy am I!
Gather'd into the fold,
With thy people enroll'd,
Wish thy people to live and to die!

7 O the goodness of God
In employing a clod
His tribute of glory to raise!
His standard to bear,
And with triumph declare
His unspeakable riches of grace!

8 O the fathomless love,
That has deign'd to approve
And prosper the work of my hands!
With my pastoral crook
I went over the brook,
And, behold! I am spread into bands!

R

BACKSLIDER.

- 9 Who, I sit in amaze,
Hath begotten me these !
And inquire, from what quarter they came ?
My full heart it replies,
They are born from the skies,
And give glory to God and the Lamb.
- 10 All honour and praise
To the Father of grace,
To the Spirit, and Son I return !
The business pursue
He hath made me to do,
And rejoice that I ever was born.
- 11 In a rapture of joy
My life I employ,
The God of my life to proclaim :
'Tis worth living for this,
To administer bliss
And salvation in Jesus's name.
- 12 My remnant of days
I spend in his praise,
Who died the whole world to redeem :
Be they many or few,
My days are his due,
And they all are devoted to him !

BACKSLIDER.

HYMN CCXXII.

PART THE FIRST.

- 1 **H**OW happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above !
Tongue cannot express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That comfort was mine,
When the favour divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart it believ'd,
What a joy I receiv'd,
What a heaven in Jesus's name!

3 'Twas an heaven below
My Saviour to know;
The angels could do nothing more
Than fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song;
O that all his salvation might see!
He hath lov'd me, I cried,
He hath suffer'd, and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 On the wings of his love
I was carry'd above
All sin, and temptation, and pain;
I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

6 I rode on the sky,
Freely justify'd I!
Nor envy'd Elijah his seat;
My soul mounted higher
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.

7 Oh! the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possess
I was perfectly blest,
As if fill'd with the fulness of God.

BACKSLIDER.

HYMN CCXXIII.

PART THE SECOND.

- 1 **A**H, where am I now !
When was it, or how
That I fell from my heaven of grace !
I am brought into thrall,
I am stript of my All !
I am banish'd from Jesus's face.
- 2 Hardly yet do I know
How I let my Lord go,
So insensibly starting aside ;
When the tempter came in
With his own subtle sin,
And infected my spirit with pride.
- 3 But I felt it too soon
That my Saviour was gone,
Swiftly vanishing out of my sight ;
My triumph and boast
On a sudden were lost,
And my day it was turn'd into night.
- 4 Only pride could destroy
That innocent joy,
And make my Redeemer depart ;
But what'er was the cause,
I lament the sad loss,
For the veil is come over my heart.
- 5 Ah ! wretch that I am !
I can only exclaim,
Like a devil tormented within ;
My Saviour is gone,
And has left me alone
To the fury of Satan and sin.
- 6 Nothing now can relieve,
Without comfort I grieve,
I have lost all my peace and my pow'r :

- No access do I find
To the Friend of mankind ;
I can ask for his mercy no more.
- 7 Tongue cannot declare
The torment I bear,
(While no end of troubles I see)
Only Adam could tell
On the day that he fell,
And was turn'd out of Eden like me.
- 8 Driven out from my God,
I wander abroad,
Thro' a desert of sorrows I rove ;
And how great is my pain,
That I cannot regain
My Eden of Jesus's love !
- 9 I never shall rise
To my first paradise,
Or come my Redeemer to see ;
But I feel a faint hope
That at last he will stoop,
And his pity shall bring him to me.

HYMN CXXXIV.

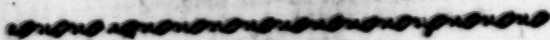
- 1 HOW shall a lost sinner in pain
Recover his forfeited peace ;
When brought into bondage again,
What hope of a second release ?
Will mercy itself be so kind
To spare such a rebel as me ?
And O ! can I possibly find
Such plenteous redemption in thee !
- 2 O Jesus, of that I require,
If still thou art able to save,
The brand to pluck out of the fire,
And ransom my soul from the grave !

For the KING.

The help of thy Spirit restore,
 And shew me the life-giving blood,
 And pardon a sinner once more,
 And bring me again unto God.

3 O Jesus, in pity draw near,
 Come quickly to help a lost soul,
 To comfort a mourner appear,
 And make a poor Lazarus whole :
 The balm of thy mercy apply,
 (Thou seest the sore anguish I feel)
 Save, Lord, or I perish, I die ;
 O save, or I sink into hell !

4 I sink, if thou longer delay
 Thy pardoning mercy to show ;
 Come quickly, and kindly display
 The pow'r of thy passion below.
 By all thou hast done for my sake,
 One drop of thy blood I implore :
 Now, now let it touch me, and make
 The sinner a sinner no more.

*For the KING.*

HYMN CCXXV.

1 LORD, thou hast bid thy people pray
 For all that bear the sov'reign sway,
 And thy vicegerent's reign,
 Rulers, and governors, and pow'rs ;
 And lo ! in faith we pray for ours,
 Nor can we pray in vain.

2 Jesu, thy chosen servant guard,
 And every threat'ning danger ward
 From his anointed head ;
 Bid all his griefs and troubles cease,
 And thro' the paths of heav'nly peace
 To life eternal lead.

A PARENT'S PRAYER.

299

- 3 Cover his enemies with shame,
Defeat their dire-espicious aim,
Their baffled hopes destroy;
But show'r on him thy blessings down;
Crown him with grace, with glory crown,
And everlasting joy.
- 4 To hoary hairs be thou his God,
Late may he seek that high abode,
Late to his heav'n remove:
Of virtues full, and happy days,
Accounted worthy, by thy grace,
To fill a throne above.
- 5 And when thou dost his spirit receive,
O give him, in his offspring, give
Us back our king again.
Preserve him, Providence Divine,
And let the long-illustrious line
To latest ages reign.
- 6 Secure us of his royal race
A man to stand before thy face,
And exercise thy pow'r;
With wealth, prosperity, and peace,
Our nation and our church to bless,
Till time shall be no more.

A PARENT'S PRAYER.

HYMN CCKXVI.

- 1 GOD only wise, almighty, good,
Send forth thy truth and light
To point us out the narrow road,
And guide our steps aright:

A MASTER'S PRAYER.

- 2 To steer our dangerous course between
The rocks on either hand;
And fix us in our golden mean,
And bring our charge to land.
- 3 Made apt by thy sufficient grace,
To teach as taught by thee,
We come to train in all thy ways
Our rising progeny.
- 4 Their selfish will in time subdue,
And mortify their pride;
And lead their youth a sacred crew
To find the Crucify'd!
- 5 We would in ev'ry step look up,
By thy example taught,
T'alarm their fear, excite their hope,
And rectify their thought.
- 6 We would persuade their heart t' obey,
With mildest zeal proceed;
And never take the harsher way,
When love will do the deed.
- 7 For this we ask, in faith sincere,
The wisdom from above;
To touch their hearts with filial fear,
And pure ingenuous love:
- 8 To watch their will to sense inclin'd,
With-hold the hurtful food;
And gently bend their tender mind,
And draw their souls to God.

A MASTER'S PRAYER.

HYMN CCXXVII.

1 MASTER Supreme, I look to thee
For grace and wisdom from above;
Yielded with thy authority,
Enrich me with thy patient love.

A MASTER'S PRAYER.

291

- 2 That, taught according to thy will
To rule my family aright,
I may th' appointed charge fulfil,
With all my heart and all my might.
- 3 Inferiors, as a sacred trust,
I from the sov'reign Lord receive,
That what is feasible and just,
Impartial I to all may give:
- 4 O'erlook them with a guardian eye;
From vice and wickedness restrain:
Mistakes and lesser faults pass by,
And govern with a looser rein.
- 5 The servant faithfully discreet,
Gentle to him, and good, and mild,
Him I would tenderly intreat,
And scarce distinguish from a child.
- 6 Order if some invert, confound,
Their Lord's authority betray,
I hearken to the gospel-sound,
And trace the providential way.
- 7 As far from abjectness as pride,
With condescending dignity,
Jesus, I make thy word my guide,
And keep the post assign'd by thee.
- 8 O could I emulate the zeal
Thou dost to thy poor servants bear;
The troubles, griefs, and burdens feel
Of souls intrusted to my care:
- 9 In daily pray'r to God commend
The souls whom God expos'd to fear;
And think how soon my sway may end,
And all be equal in the grave.

HYMN CCXXVIII.

- 1 **A**LL hail ! happy day,
When enrob'd in our clay,
The Redeemer appear'd upon earth :
How can we refrain
For to join the glad strain,
And to hail our Immanuel's birth ?
- 2 How boundless that love,
First begotten above,
And through Jesus to sinners made known !
Lift, lift up your voice,
And exulting rejoice,
For Jehovah to earth is come down.
- 3 Ye angels of God
Sound his praises abroad,
And acknowledge him JAH, the I AM.
We also will join
In a hymn so divine,
Giving glory to God and the Lamb.
- 4 To Christ we will sing,
As our High Priest and King,
And our Prophet to teach us the road :
But more than all this,
For Almighty he is,
And we own him our crucify'd God !
- 5 To Jesus's praise
Let us spend all our days,
For 'tis he that our surety has stood :
His signet below,
That his mercy might show,
And he purchas'd our pardon with blood !
- 6 O may the return
Of this once blessed morn
Be for ever remember'd with joy ;

NATIVITY.

303

Sweet accents of praise
All our voices shall raise,
Hallelujahs shall be our employ.

7 Let echo prolong
The harmonious song,
Hallelujahs again and again :
He kindles the fire,
Whom the nations desire,
And to him we devote the glad strain.

8 Blest Jesus, while we
Pay our tribute to thee,
Let us worship, admire, and adore,
Accept as thy crown,
What before was thine own,
Hallelujahs and praise evermore.

HYMN CCXXIX.

1 HARK ! the herald-angels sing,
" Glory to the new-born King ;
" Peace on earth, and mercy mild ;
" God and sinners reconcil'd."
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies,
With the angelic host proclaim,
" Christ is born in Bethlehem."

2 Christ, by highest heav'n ador'd,
Christ, the everlasting Lord ;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb :
Veil'd in flesh, the Godhead see,
Hail the incarnate Deity !
Pleas'd as man with man to dwell,
Jesus our Emmanuel.

3 Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace,
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness !
Light and life to all he brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings ;

NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

Mild he lays his glory by,
 Born, that man no more may die,
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.

- 4 Come, desire of nations, come,
 Fix in us thy humble home ;
 Rise, the woman's conqu'ring seed,
 Bruise in us the serpent's head :
 Adam's likeness now efface,
 Stamp thine image in its place ;
 Second Adam from above,
 Reinslate us in thy love.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

H Y M N C C X X X.

- 1 THE Lord of earth and sky,
 The God of ages praise !
 Who reigns enthron'd on high,
 Ancient of endless days ;
 Who lengthens out our trial here,
 And spurs us yet another year.
- 2 Barren and wither'd trees,
 We cumber'd long the ground ;
 No fruit of holiness
 On our dead souls was found ;
 Yet hath he us in mercy spare,
 Another, and another year.
- 3 When justice bar'd the sword,
 To cut the fig-tree down ;
 The pity of our Lord,
 Say, " Let it still alone ;"
 The Father mild inclines his ear,
 And spurs us yet another year.

- 4 Jesus, thy quaking blood
From God obtain'd the grace,
Who therefore hath bestow'd
On us a longer space:
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
And lo! we see another year!
- 5 Then dig about our root,
Break up our fallow ground,
And let our gracious fruit
To thy great praise abound;
O let us all thy praise declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

H Y M N C C X X L

- 1 SING to the great Jehovah's praise;
All praise to him belongs,
Who kindly lengthens out our days,
Demands our choicest songs,
Whose providence has brought us thro'
Another various year,
We all with vows and anthems new
Before our God appear.
- 2 Father, thy mercies past we own,
Thy still continu'd care,
To thee professing, through thy Son,
Whate'er we have, or are;
Our lips and lives shall gladly show
The wonders of thy love,
While on in Jesu's steps we go
To see thy face above.
- 3 Our residue of days or hours
Thine, wholly thine shall be,
And all our consecrated pow'rs
A sacrifice to thee.

Till Jesus in the clouds appear
To shine on earth his light,
And bring the great jubilee year,
The jubilee of love's light.

GOOD FRIDAY.

HYMN CCXXXII.

- 1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Saviour die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He press'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in;
When Christ the mighty Maker dy'd
For man, the creature's sin!
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 No tongue of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
But, thank, I give my self away,
To all that love me so.

JUST

C O N T E N T S.



Page

AWAKENING and FELLOWSHIP	—	—
Pentecostal	—	—
Petition	—	—
Rejoicing	—	—
Praise	—	—
Trusting in Providence	—	—
Suffering	—	—
Funeral	—	—
For Persons joined in Fellowship	—	—
On admitting a new Member	—	—
On visiting a Friend	—	—
Parting	—	—
Strife in Heaven	—	—
A Dialogue	—	—
Birth-Day	—	—
Backslider	—	—
For the King	—	—
A Disciple's Prayer	—	—
A Master's Prayer	—	—
Nativity	—	—
New-Year's Day	—	—
Good-Friday	—	—

INDEX

	Page
A Charge to keep I have	63
Ah! lovely appearance of death	166
Ah! where am I now	196
Ah! whither should I go	32
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed	206
All glory to God in the sky	55
All hail, happy day	203
And am I born to die	11
And was I only born to die	12
And can I yet delay	82
And let this feeble body fail	162
And must this body die	113
And my soul, arise	108
And my unshaking fear	151
And my dear Saviour	192
And my only wisdom here	64
And the Messiah's awful throne	136
And the Saviour of mankind	8
And the throne of the Lord	75
And the God of love	84
And the everlasting love	137
And the ever-living love	173
And the ever-living and well-belov'd	185
And the ever-living	186
And the ever-living	157
And the ever-living King	206
And the ever-living friends above	109
And the ever-living join	186
And the ever-living	174
And the ever-living	171
And the ever-living, and Holy Ghost	10

I N D E X.

	Page
Come, holy, celestial Dove	34
Come, let us snow	49
Come, let us snow	173
Come, let us ascend	174
Come let us join our cheerful songs	175
Come let us use the grace divine	176
Come, Lord, from above	21
Come on, my partners in distress	176
Come, Saviour, Jesu, from above	38
Come, sinners, to the gospel feast	1
Come, thou Almighty King	37
Come, thou fount of ev'ry blessing	39
Come, thou high and lofty Lord	177
Come, ye sinners, poor and needy	4
Come ye that love the Lord	178
Commit thou all thy griefs	179

Drooping soul, shake off thy fears

Encourag'd by thy word
Ever fainting with desire

Far above yon glorious ceiling
Father, how wide thy glories shine
Father, in the name I pray
Father of Jesus Christ the Just
Father of lights, from whom
Father of our dying Lord
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit
For ever have my soul and heart
Praise all that dwell below the sky

Glory to the whole thy name
Glory be to God on high
God moves in a mysterious way
God of all grace and comfort
God of all redeeming grace

I N D E X.

	Page
God of almighty love	54
God of my life, to thee	191
God of my life, whose gracious power	148
God only wise, almighty, good	199
Great God! indulge my humble claim	79
Happy day, a day of holy rest	110
Happy soul, that free from harms	40
Happy soul, thy days are ended	163
Happy the man that feeds the grape	105
Happy the souls to Jesus join'd	106
Happy who in Jesus live	170
Hark! how the gospel-trumpet sounds	124
Hark! the herald-angels sing	203
Head of thy church triumphant	163
He comes, he comes, the Judge severe	14
He dies, the Friend of sinners dies	115
Holy, Lord, to whom for help I fly	61
Holy, and true, and righteous Lord	96
Holy Lamb, who thee receive	70
How dear to Jesus on high	169
How do thy mercies close me round	133
How happy are they	194
How sad a lost sinner in pain	197
How solemn and tasteless the hours	89
How vain are all things here below	101
How will I spend	152
How while I've breath	181
How will I love	54
How will I passion rose	189
How will I Lamb of God	45
How will I wish	43
How will I of the sheep	177
How will I that art	26
How will I	23
How will I be true	181

I N D E X.

	Page
Jesus, lover of my soul	1
Jesus, my life, thyself my God	2
Jesus, my Lord, attend	3
Jesus, my Saviour, brother, friend	4
Jesus, my strength, my hope	5
Jesus, thy truth, my way	6
Jesus, the weary wanderer's rest	7
Jesus, thou art our King	8
Jesus, thy boundless love to me	9
Jesus, united by thy grace	10
Jesus, accept the praise	11
Jesus, and shall it ever be	12
Jesus, come thou hope of glory	13
Jesus, from whom all blessings flow	14
Jesus hath dy'd that I might live	15
Jesus, if still thou art to-day	16
Jesus, my All, to heav'n is gone	17
Jesus, the all-sustaining word	18
Jesus, thou all-redempting Lord	19
Jesus, thou everlasting King	20
Hymns of Praise	
Leader of faithful souls, and guide	21
Let earth and heav'n agree	22
Let every tongue thy goodness speak	23
Let him to whom we now belong	24
Let the world their virtues boast	25
Light of life, seraphic fire	26
Lo! he comes with clouds descending	27
Lo! in thy hands I lay	28
Lord, and is thine anger gone	29
Lord, how divine thy counsels are	30
Lord, I adore thy gracious will	31
Lord, I believe a rest remains	32
Lord, I believe thy ev'ry word	33
Lord, in the strength of grace	34
Lord, thou hast bid thy people pray	35

INDEX.

	Page
Lord, we come before thee now	16
Love divine, all loves excelling	72
Lukewarm souls, the ice grows stronger	18
Maker, Saviour of mankind	41
Maker known, I look to thee	100
My dear my pow'ra, why sleep ye so	40
My God, I am thine	109
My God, I know, I feel thee mine	93
My God, my life, my love	44
My God, my portion and my love	127
My God, the spring of all my joys	122
My Saviour, my Almighty friend	141
Now is a song of grateful praise	104
O Almighty God of love	57
Of him who did salvation bring	23
O for a heart to praise my God	65
O for a thousand tongues to sing	3
O glorious hope of perfect love	128
O God of all grace	194
O God, our help in ages past	48
O God, my hope	31
O God, the Lord of gospel-grace	96
O how how sweet thou art	31
O how how sweet thou art	2
O how how sweet thou art	25
O how how sweet thou art	128
O how how sweet thou art	24
O how how sweet thou art	51
O how how sweet thou art	100
O how how sweet thou art	73
O how how sweet thou art	145
O how how sweet thou art	37
O how how sweet thou art	112
O how how sweet thou art	80
O how how sweet thou art	130

INDEX.

Peace be on this house below'd	—	116
Peace, troubled soul, thou need'st not fear	—	117
Plung'd in a gulph of dark despair	—	118
Praise ye the Lord, 'tis good to rise	—	119
Praise ye the Lord, y' immortal quires	—	120
Rejoice for a brother deced'd	—	121
Salvation! O the joyful sound	—	122
Saviour of the sin-sick soul	—	123
Saviour, the world's and mine	—	124
See, Jesu, thy disciples see	—	125
Shepherd divine, our wants remove	—	126
Sing to the great Jehovah's praise	—	127
Sinners, obey the gospel word	—	128
Sinners, turn, why will you die	—	129
Soldiers of Christ, arise	—	130
Son of God, if thy free grace	—	131
Son of God, thy blessing grant	—	132
Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay	—	133
Still for thy loving-kindness, Lord	—	134
Tell us, O women, we would know	—	135
The despis'd Nazarine	—	136
Thou we adore, eternal name	—	137
Thou will I love, my strength, my tower	—	138
The God of Abraham's praise	—	139
The Lord my pasture shall prepare	—	140
The Lord of earth and sky	—	141
The Lord of sabbath let us praise	—	142
The one thing needful, that good grace	—	143
The praying spirit breathe	—	144
The spacious firmament	—	145
The thing my God hath said	—	146
The voice of my Beloved	—	147
This, this is the God we adore	—	148
Tho' strait be the way, with danger	—	149

INDEX.

	Page
The sudden still, and dangers allight	149
Then God of glorious majesty	17
Then God of truth and love	183
Then great mysterious God unknown	99
Then faithful love of God, which bright	66
Then peace of quiet and dead	73
Then faith of God, then Prince of Peace	161
Then, my God, art good and wise	133
Thou Shepherd of Israel and mine	83
Thy Church, sanctified love	109
Thy daily service, O my God	122
'Tis a point I long to know	19
'Tis the d, 'tis done	108
To the haven of thy love	35
Try on, O God, and watch the ground	178
Two are better far than one	179
Vain, delusive world, thou	119
Wary of what's near my God	36
With glorious clouds encompass'd round	25
With joy we mention the grace	124
What now is my object and aim	94
When all the creation of my God	143
When'er I see my walks should	144
When'er I see the bed of death	10
When'er I see his love at last	165
When'er I see the children of a King	39
When'er I see the children of a King	126
When'er I see the children of a King	117
When'er I see the children of a King	67

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